The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1611 DEC. 6, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

★ TRITURATION makes all the difference
THE curious cut accorded to Silverdale Tea ensures the retaining of the full strength and flavour of the leaf.

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FINEST EXTRA QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Served by Air Union on the "Golden Ray" Aeroplanes.

Drink
Apollinaris
Natural Mineral Water
with your Whisky, and enjoy both.

The Smoker of Refined Taste smokes
Spinet-Oval
The SUPER Cork tipped Cigarettes
20 for 1'3
50 for 3'-
100 for 6'-
'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'
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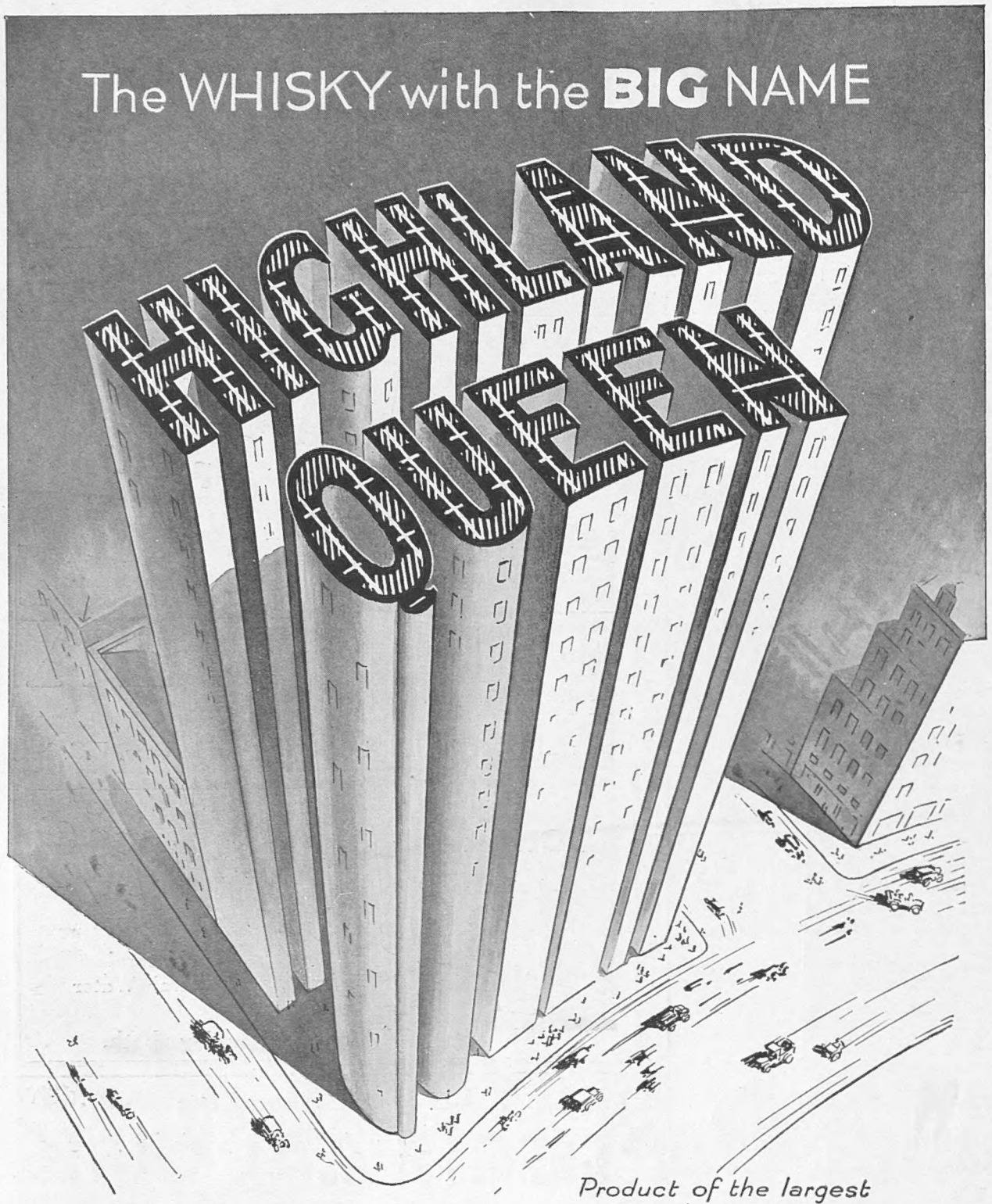


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Monastery transformed into luxurious Hotel. Modern in Every Way.

Same Management Hotel Imperator, NIMES.

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*LIGHT WALKING SHOE.*

*Made from skin of the Codfish this is the very latest in footwear.*

*Stocked in beige colour only ... 58/-*

*This model can also be had in real seal skin in black, brown, blue or green ... ... ... ... 58/-*

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*In dark brown Python combined with willow. Medium (as illustrated) or low leather heel ... ... 29/6*

*Please write for our Christmas folders for slippers, hosiery, etc.*

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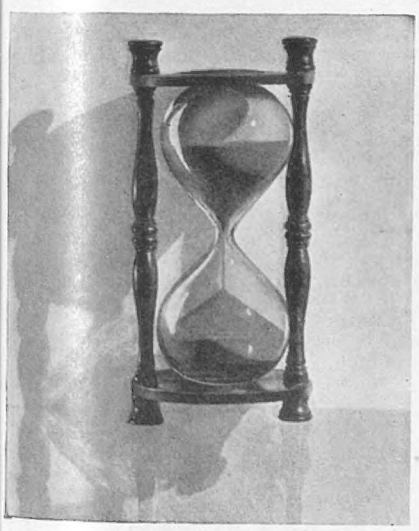

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**Wright's Coal Tar Soap**

*6d. per tablet*



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# GIVE ELECTRICAL GIFTS

Most of your friends use Electricity in their homes. Why not give them a pleasant surprise in the form of an Electrical Gift? Choose an Electric Reading Lamp, Hair Drier, Toaster or Kettle, or an Electric Iron, Vacuum Cleaner or Fan and enable your friends to "plug in to comfort" whenever they wish. Make a point of seeing the Special Xmas Displays in your Local Electric Shop or Electricity Showrooms.

*The modern gift for the modern home*

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THE FAMOUS HOUSE FOR READY-TO-WEAR

A *Wemco* FABRIC.

*"Tricoline" The perfect Shirt & Pyjama Fabric.*

TWO points explain the popularity of "Tricoline" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. A fine and silky substance that cheerfully endures the trials of wear and laundering; and the cut and finish that only expertness can impart. Daily and nightly comfort, and the enjoyment of attractive designs, will follow your adoption of "Tricoline" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas.

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**SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS**

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RULES FOR MAINTAINING THE HEALTH OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD INCORPORATED IN EVERY ROLL.

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*Why go Grey?*

**HINDES' HAIR TINT**

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores. 2/6 or direct:

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Player's "Country Life" TOBACCO

1/0½D per oz. & 2oz. pocket tins at 2/1D.

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HAVAS

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**IN WINTER**
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The Most Sumptuous Casinos on the French Riviera

**BLUE SKY + + + FLOWERS + + + EVER BLUE SEA**

ALL SPORTS + HOTELS AND PALACES ALWAYS OPEN

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*Make it Your Home Whisky and get the best this Xmas*

*The "Antiquary"*
FINE OLD
**SCOTCH LIQUEUR WHISKY**
*Cream of Scotland*

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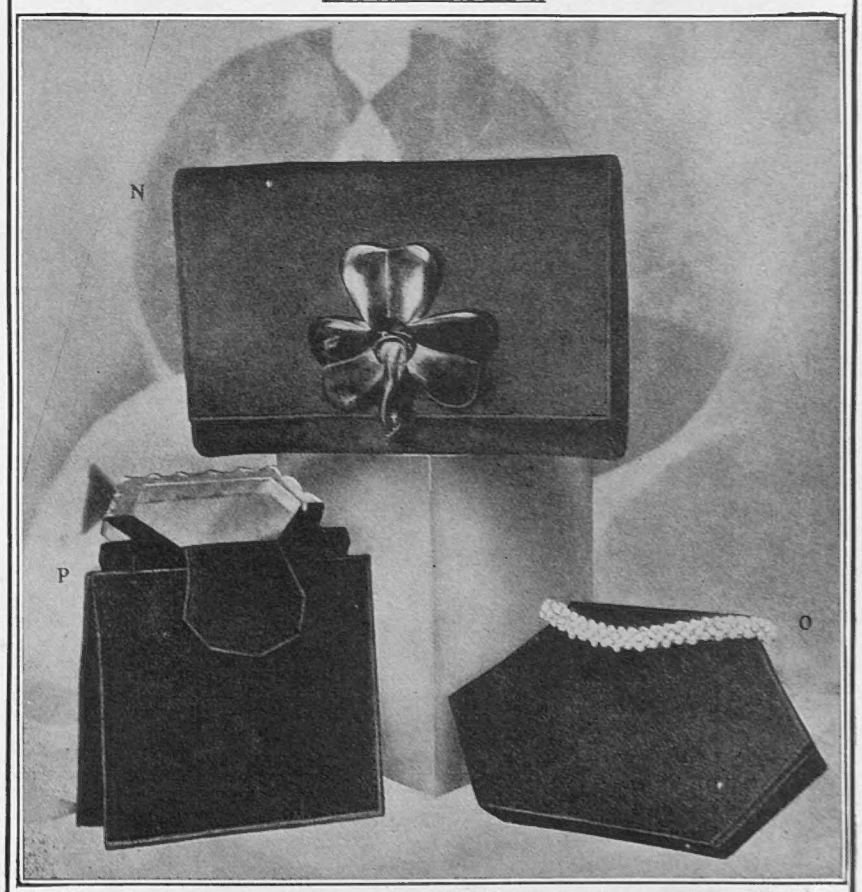


P.—Not less original this REINDEER BAG with its prystal handle. **£1.12.6**

N.—Antelope POCHETTE with large coloured prystal flower. **£4.18.6**

O.—This model in BLACK ANTELOPE with turquoise bead handle is certainly very smart. **£3.7.6**
*(Made in France.)*

*(Our Xmas Catalogue sent on application)*

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## —is Ready and it's RIGHT

At Gamages, not only are you sure of the style-rightness and weather-worthiness of everything you see, but you can obtain exactly what you require on the spot—a service that is only made possible by the large stocks that Gamages hold.

BE ADVISED BY EXPERTS

To advise you in the selection of your kit the most suitable resorts, hotels and travel facilities, the Zuber Bros. are in constant attendance, one at either Store. They will be pleased to place the whole of their experience at your service.

THE "MURREN" SKI-SUIT

*This style is made in Navy proofed Gabardine only. The jacket, which has a wind flap and adjustable waistband, can be worn either tucked in or over the Trousers, and the construction of the Sleeves allows the utmost freedom of movement.*

**4 Gns**

*Jacket only* **42/-** *Trousers only* **42/-**

*Send for Gamages Winter Sports Catalogue,*

# GAMAGES

MARBLE ARCH AND HOLBORN

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# Send Useful Gifts

# *from* GORRINGES

Here are a few suggestions which will help to solve your gift problems. Many other useful suggestions are to be found in all departments at Gorringes.

**No. 1. MODERN LAMP and SHADE.** Wood lamp. Hand-painted vellum shade. In Green, Orange, Red or Gold. Height over all, 21 ins. **PRICE, complete** *37/6*

**H.2.** Set of **3 COLLAPSIBLE COAT HANGERS** in box, in Satin. Colours: Pink, Sky and Mauve. **PRICE** *3/11*

**Also** in prettily designed Crepon **Price 2/6**

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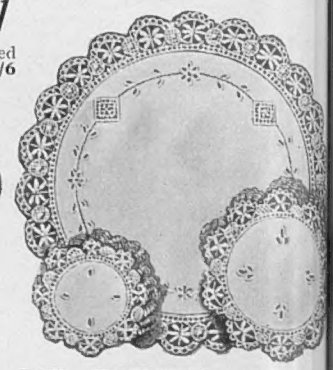

**Z.278. HAND-MADE LACE and LINEN LUNCHEON SETS** with motifs (as sketch). In Cream or White. 13-piece set. **PRICE, complete in box** *15/9*

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TWO MINUTES FROM VICTORIA STATION

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| Marseilles<br>Toulon<br>Genoa<br>Venice<br>Trieste | Alexandria<br>or<br>Port Said | Cairo<br>Luxor<br>and<br>Assuan |

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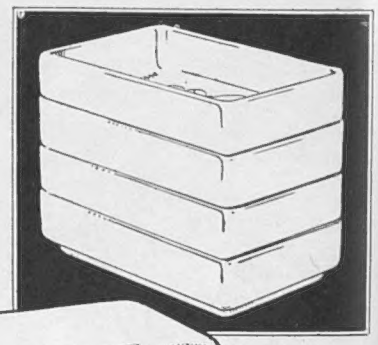
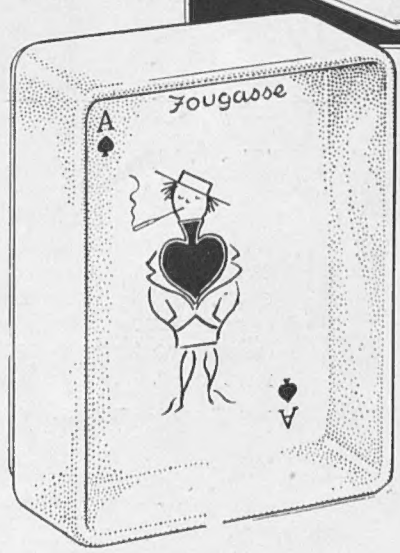
# ACES AND FACES

By "FOUGASSE"

A Set of Porcelain Ash Trays for the Bridge Table, on which the Ace of every suit is animated with delightful and ingenious humour.






**The Perfect Christmas Gift for Bridge Players**

Price **12/6** for the nest of four trays.

(By inland registered Post 9d. extra.)

*This is only one of the many Novelties for Christmas to be obtained exclusively at*

**THE SPORTING GALLERY,**

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# MACFARLANE LANG'S

## GENUINE SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

*Over 100 Years Baking Experience.*

**2/3 PER TIN**

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Thick Scotch Shortbread in finger shape.

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Dainty pieces of thick, plain and thin sugared Shortbread, various shapes.

**GOOD LUCK SHORTBREAD**
Containing 5 fancy cakes of plain Shortbread.

**1/6 PER TIN**

*Obtainable from all Stores and High-Class Grocers.*
*(Also NEW YORK. R. H. MACEY & Co. Inc.)*

# 'YOUNGER' for YOU

Just say 'YOUNGER' — say nothing more until you've had a glass - then you'll find you've had a jolly good day

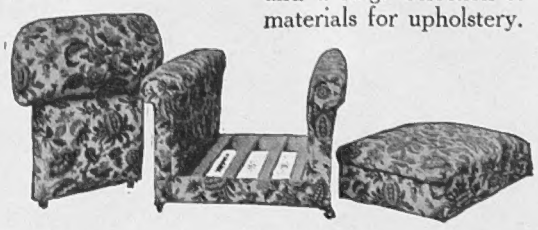
Why not order a few bottles and get YOUNGER at home? See your Wine Merchant to-day

Ask for it in your Club

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
**Scotch Ale**
BREWED IN EDINBURGH
Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough & Belfast

# The NEW MINTY CLUB CHAIR

This Chair has taken years to develop. Every inch can be reached. Each part self-contained; less expensive to make. The seat is fully-sprung, the back shaped for utmost rest and comfort. Finest hardwood frame and steel spiral springs. Three lengths of seat, and a large selection of materials for upholstery.

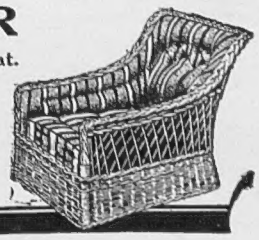


**The Ideal Christmas Gift.**

*Prices:*
SMALL:
**£3:15:0**
MEDIUM:
**£4:5:0**
LARGE:
**£4:15:0**

**When cleaning or making loose covers, any housewife can take this Minty Club Chair apart. No hidden dust-traps. Hair and fibre stuffing, springs in each part interlaced with woven wire.**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **MINTY CHAIR**
Prices from **37/6** according to length of seat.



*Write for Catalogue of the Minty "Varsity" and "Club" Chairs.*

Minty LTD (Dept. 30), 44-45, HIGH ST., OXFORD.
New and Enlarged London Showrooms:
123, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

Hold the glass up reverently ..... ponder its contents deeply ..... a fine liqueur of proud lineage.
Well .... here's to ourselves, and to its maker—Erven Lucas Bols..... our gratitude.

*Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.*

# BOLS
## LIQUEURS
## & V·O·GENEVA

*Wholesale Agents:*
BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

# "The GREATEST of these is CHARITY"

## Christmas Appeals from Eight Deserving Causes

### DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Imagine meal-time for a family of 8,291 boys and girls and babies, not just once occasionally, but three times a day and every day in the year. Think in terms of bread and butter, jam, milk, fish, meat, and think also in terms of boots and shoes by the thousand, likewise socks and stockings. This is the family supported by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and it is the largest family in the world. And Christmas is coming! Christmas fare for all these needy boys and girls means, of course, heavier bills for Barnardo's, and the children must, of course, have some Christmas pudding. So here is your Christmas opportunity. Send 10s. to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and get in return the joy of feeling that for at least ten days at the festive season you are feeding one orphan and destitute little one. They have admitted over 109,250 such children under their charter, "No destitute child ever refused admission." On an average five are admitted daily. Of their present family of 8,291 children 473 are crippled or afflicted in various ways, 1,264 are babies under five, 1,095 are under industrial and technical instruction, and 400 are in training for the sea services. 1,912 boys and girls entered the Homes last year and 1,479 were placed out in life. Cheques, drafts, and orders may be made payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18–26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1, England. Postal notes from Australia and New Zealand may also be sent, but these should not be crossed.

### THE CHURCH ARMY

There is an old legend concerning Pandora, and it is this. When she opened the box forbidden to mortals, all the ills of humanity escaped with the exception of Hope (there to counterbalance the ills)—and this was only saved by Pandora in her fright quickly shutting the lid of the box. Hope is a great boon, yet life for many is almost without it. Often one reads of an out-of-work man dead by his own hand—because there seems no hope of work. It is the influence of the Church Army that brings renewed hope to those human derelicts. It is helping men, women, and children. This work is of an evangelistic order and it operates throughout the world. All through the year this work of solace continues, never slackening, and at Christmastide it is even more of an anxious and busy task. The Church Army will again this year distribute hundreds of Christmas parcels to the poorest of the poor; it will organize Christmas dinner parties throughout this country, and its invitation will extend to countless men, women, and children who otherwise might face a bare table. The parcels of food will each cost 10s., while £5 will provide for ten families.

Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., will gladly acknowledge gifts in money sent to 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

### THE N.S.P.P.C.

When windows in comfortable districts are frames for Christmas trees, gaily decorated with lights and toys, a stroll through some of the slums is a saddening thing. Bare windows hide scenes of miseries not only negative, from poverty, but positive, from cruelty. Into such tragic houses come the emissaries of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children bringing not only help but a modicum of happiness. Mr. William J. Elliott, at Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2, will gladly acknowledge all contributions, though the real thanks for them will arise from a source unknown.

### R.S.P.C.A.

The oldest animal protection Society in the world and the only one that employs a large staff of inspectors qualified by special training in the detection of cruelty to animals, is appealing this year for financial assistance to carry on its valuable work. Donations should be sent to 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

### WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Christmas is pre-eminently the season for the children, and those to whom no Santa Claus will pay a visit were in a parlous case of misery were it not for such an organization as the Waifs and Strays Society of the Church of England. At all times, and more especially at the festive season, the work this institution performs is in all respects admirable, bringing light into dark places and mercy into heartless homes. Nearly 5,000 children are in the 108 homes maintained by the Society in England and Wales, and in addition three homes have been established in Canada. The Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D., will gladly acknowledge all donations sent to the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.

### ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

The Royal Northern Group of Hospitals is making a very special effort to raise a sum of £19,000 before the end of the current year, for maintenance only. At the end of 1929 the hospital was faced with a maintenance debt of £43,000, and unless help is forthcoming it is foreseen that this sum will be still further increased. Unemployment is so rife among the people who use the hospitals that they are compelled ever more and more to appeal for that voluntary support which alone makes it possible for them to keep going. The Royal Northern Hospital, providing the largest general hospital service in North London, consists of a group of four hospitals comprising 405 beds, including private wards for persons of limited means. It serves over 1,000,000 people in an area of 70 square miles. There are twenty-one special departments, and it is necessary to raise over £110,000 annually, if these departments are to be properly maintained. Every donation, however small it may be, will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Gilbert G. Panter, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

### THE CANCER HOSPITAL

Will you show your appreciation and sympathy for all the work that is being done for cancer by sending something now to the First Special Hospital in London for Cancer—the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3. This institution is engaged in treating patients by the latest approved methods and carrying on at the same time an unremitting research into the causes and possible cure of cancer. The hospital is staffed by eminent surgeons, physicians, pathologists, and research workers, and no expense is spared in providing the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free without letters or payment, and a number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, must raise £150,000 immediately to pay for an entirely new Radiological block and other much-needed extensions which will add eighty beds to the hospital. When completed the Cancer Hospital (Free) will be the largest hospital in the country, if not in the world.

### THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, make a special Christmas appeal to readers of the "Sphere" for contributions towards the £5,000 which is required to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, and to adapt the house for its new use as a home for 180 girls. The Society has 1,100 children under its care in its various Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. Please send a Christmas gift, addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.


**IS THAT MY PARCEL?**

FILLED with good things sufficient to last a family over the festive period, the Church Army's parcel is bringing Christmas happiness to many homes in genuine need.

Bought in large quantities each parcel costs 10/-. The retail value is about 14/-.

**Some poor family experiencing much hardship and despair may be helped by your parcel.**

**£5 will provide for TEN families.**

*WILL YOU send a gift NOW to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.*

**CHURCH army**

THIS
CHRISTMASTIDE
PLEASE REMEMBER
THE

405 Beds. 5,752 In-Patients.

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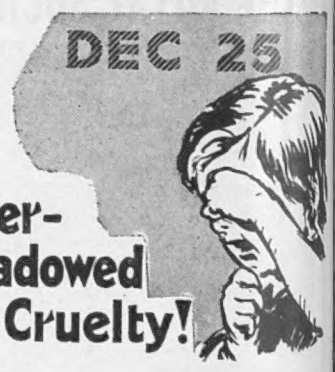



**Over-shadowed by Cruelty!**

DO you realise that there are very many little children who exist in daily misery? Tortured bodily and mentally . . . barely covered . . . pinched and hungry . . . Christmas for them is not a happy time.

It is to lessen their sufferings that The N.S.P.C.C. makes a plea at this Season—the Children's Festival. The Society is restraining cruelty, enlightening ignorant parents and guardians, and befriending the innocent and helpless.

IT IS IN YOUR POWER to help. Will you do so NOW in memory of your own joyful childhood?

*CHRISTMAS GIFTS will be gratefully received by William J. Elliott, Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.*

**N·S·P·C·C**

Christmas—Yes!
but
"Mummy's"
gone.

# THE WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

*HAS NEARLY 4,800 SUCH LITTLE ONES IN ITS CARE.*

## PLEASE SEND THEM A CHRISTMAS GIFT

*to the Secretary, REV. A. J. WESTCOTT, D.D., Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.*

*Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays" and payable "Waifs and Strays."*

# DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

*Will you help this Baby and his 8,290 brothers and sisters?*

**8,291**
**children being supported.**

**10/-**
**will feed one child for ten days at the Christmas Season.**

**Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.**

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

# THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

ASKS FOR YOUR INTEREST AND SUPPORT.

**The R.S.P.C.A.** is the oldest Animal protection Society in the world and the only one in this country that employs a large staff of Inspectors qualified by special training to detect Cruelty to Animals

**Write to the R.S.P.C.A., 105, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1, for a free copy of "The R.S.P.C.A.: What It Is and What It Does."**

*The Spirit of Giving is the Joy of Christmas*

# THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

have acquired Esher Place, Esher, as a Home for 180 girls, and make an urgent appeal for **£5,000** which is needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use.

YOU MOTHERS AND FATHERS, with children of your own, if only you could see some of the homes in which children live you would be amazed that such things could exist to-day.

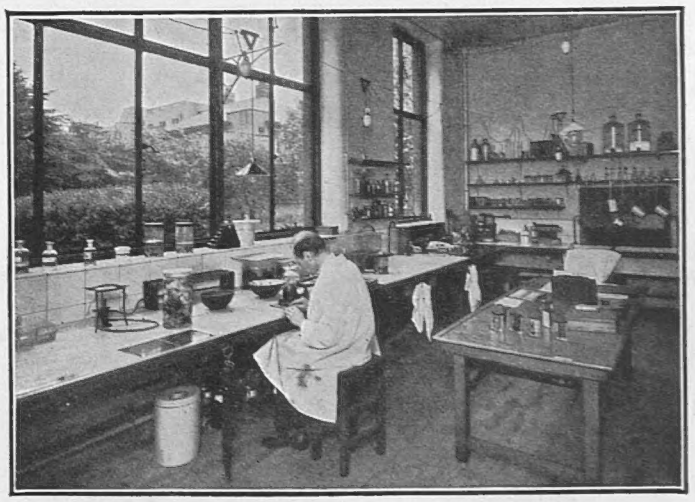
**Please send a gift, and make your own Christmas-time happier in the knowledge of having helped others.**

## "BLESSINGS FOLLOW GIFTS"

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD; FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. Chairman and Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq. Deputy-Chairman: LORD DARYNGTON. Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq. Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

**164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - - - LONDON, W.C.2**

*A Corner of one of the Laboratories.*



*A Corner of one of the Laboratories.*

# The Two-fold Work for Cancer Calls for Further Extensions

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. Numbers of cases from all parts of the world attend the Radiological Department where the latest approved methods of treatment are applied.

An Urgent Appeal is made for £150,000 for a new Radiological block and other extensions which will add eighty beds to the hospital; and also for radium.

Please send cheques, crossed Coutts & Co., to the Secretary.

# The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

*(Incorporated under Royal Charter)*

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan.

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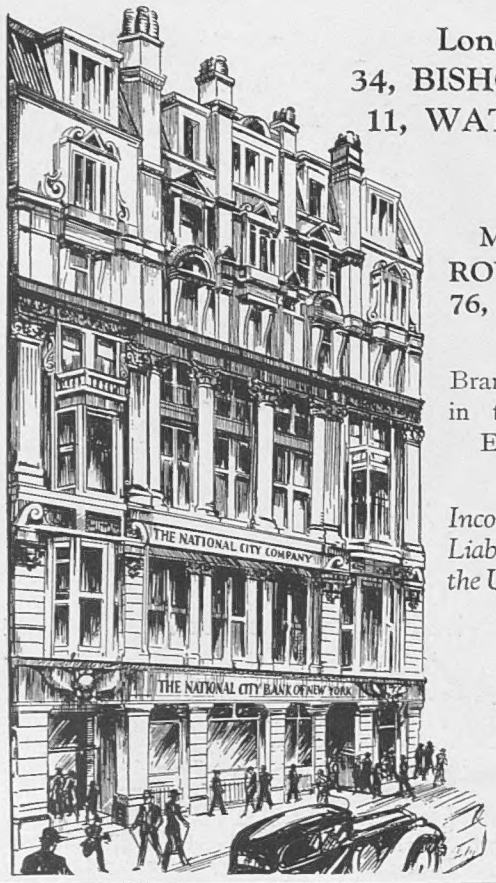


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All Sets complete with long-life Hollow Ground Blades, self-stropping razor and strop.

*Packets of Blades, 4/6*

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# THE SPHERE

*The Empire's Illustrated Weekly*

*With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE*

Volume CXXIII. No. 1611 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 3½d. } | London, December 6, 1930

## The MYSTERY of INDIA

### A Veiled Figure, Returned from Mecca, Encountered in a Lane near Delhi

India still occupies the attention of the thinking world in view of the possible outcome of the Round Table Conference now sitting at St. James's Palace. To those who do not know India by actual experience the questions to be decided are strange and difficult. Take, for instance, the figure shown in this picture. It was obtained in a wooded lane in the vicinity of New Delhi. The man in the street would be quite nonplussed to account for this extraordinary Ku Klux Klan appearance, and yet it is really only the ordinary garb of a Muhammadan Indian pilgrim who has reached Mecca and returned to her native land. The woman is of the lower middle-class and is wearing the conventional white costume. Though it is believed that women never make the Pilgrimage to Mecca, this is a fallacy. Matrons accompanied by their husbands may achieve this honour of Islam.

# A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 3, 1930.

**Stop Grousing.**—Mr. Baldwin last week asked for a cessation of grousing, and I hope his request will be granted. Grousing, he said, is bad for the party and for the country. It is true. Let the grouse season end here and now in December. It has been a bumper year. Grousing in the party and against the party leaders has been general; it has done harm and it has done good. No one, looking back, can deny that the party needed galvanizing into activity as never before. To-day I think Mr. Baldwin is right in saying that the Conservatives are the least disunited party. The ranks have by consent been closed. Mr. Baldwin is recognized as leader by consent. He has made watertight the quota system; he is pledged, when he comes to power, to the emergency tariff. The rest depends on a free discussion with the Dominions in which nothing is ruled out For the rest, he is pledged already to root and branch economy in every department which affects the taxpayers' money, and he is pledged to a vigorous infusion of young blood in his next Government. Here is a cut and dried policy boldly declared and perfectly unequivocal. Let us then give grousing a rest and loyalty a spell of duty, and await with a sure hope the evolution of still more by-elections and the awakening of conscience in Liberal breasts, praying that something will upset the Socialist applecart on this side the abyss.

**Camels and Gnats.**—It would be a curious reflection of parliamentary logic and morality if it should come about that the Opposition, in its elaborate permutations, stood aside while the Socialists voted a £10,000,000 increase in the borrowing powers of the Unemployment Insurance Fund, which has already reached the staring bankruptcy level, and then united to defeat the Government on a vote of a few thousand pounds. If the Government showed reckless disregard of public opinion in pressing forward the supplementary estimate for the opera subsidy, this anomaly might come to pass. Nor would it be altogether illogical. All parties recognize that the Insurance Fund has become a terrible snowball which must at present continue to gather bulk as it rolls along its juggernaut course, while the intense dislike of the opera subvention is based on two foundations: that any "luxury" commitment to-day shows an utter disregard of the crying demand for economy, and that this particular commitment is not entirely free from backstairs influence.

**The Moral Law and the Good Life.**—By way of antidote to *Man and His Universe* and the many pungent new testimonies of scientists and mathematicians which set out to challenge religious orthodoxy, comes Dr. Gore's *Philosophy of the Good Life*. When a fortnight ago Dr. Gore left for India (on Church business and to enjoy a holiday with Lord Irwin, whose father is Dr. Gore's great friend), his health gave some anxiety to his friends. He was thoroughly run down, and had undoubtedly been working far too hard at his latest book. This book embodies the "Giffard lectures" which cost Dr. Gore eighteen months of concentrated study of philosophy from first principles to last gleanings, and at the end of it, two separate and long sojourns in lodgings at bleak St. Andrews last winter. As *The Tempest* was Shakespeare's, so is the *Philosophy of the Good Life* Dr. Gore's final expression and summing up of the philosophic experience and religious teaching of his life. The keynotes of the book, I believe to be: Man, willy nilly, is dependent on the power which controls and surrounds him. This power is a God Who personifies holiness and goodness, to Whose direct inspiration the soul of man is sometimes at least accessible. Not one of the great ethical teachers from Zarathustra to Muhammad, from the Hebrew teachers to Christ, but have strenuously insisted that their messages were inspired by something beyond themselves. In short, the "good life," the deliberate choice of a life of sacrifice, restraint, and holiness, is based on no human policy of expediency but is born of divine inspiration. That is the answer to the latest creed that God is but a masterly mathematician.

**Russian Scandal.**—In my school-days a certain impious game of whispering connected Russia with wild and untrue rumour in my mind. And when the War came and the Russian Army rumoured its way across England, I felt she was living up to an established reputation. Political changes have not affected her skill at the game, for never was Russian scandal more rife than now. Stalin has been assassinated and subsequently imprisoned and shortly afterwards banished. Voroshiloff has been shot by the Ogpu and survived to lead his executioners against the imprisoned corpse of the banished Stalin. The Soviet Ambassador in London, M. Sokolnikoff, not to be outdone, has concealed in three capital priest's holes in the Embassy in London, three grave emissaries of the Ogpu, who made the journey here to carry out a programme of assassination, abduction, and so forth. Meanwhile the Master Spy, Roisemann (as exclusively announced in *The Daily Mail*), is playing a lone hand with a season ticket between Victoria and Moscow. If I have got it right, these are the true facts of the Russian scandal, and they are here and now exclusively announced in THE SPHERE. And if our enterprising Press gives currency to these rumours, can we complain of the Moscow Trial canard of an Anglo-French invasion plot? Can we be surprised if the Soviet Government in her turn harps on the same fantastic string and, to find a few victims for its bloodlust, invents a foreign invasion of Russia planned by Poincaré and Winston Churchill, Briand, and Lawrence?

**POLAND**
**in**
**"THE SPHERE"**

**The Editor wishes to draw the attention of readers to the special article by Negley Farson, entitled "Poles Apart," which appears on pages 452-3 of this issue. An additional interest attaches thereto in view of the determination to resign on grounds of health issued last week by Marshal Pilsudski**

**The Public Schoolboy.**—The public schoolboy has been of late enjoying more than his usual share of the limelight. He is always a good subject for discussion, he and his school, the curriculum it provides and the virtues and vices it inculcates. I am not thinking of Mr. Heygate's novel of Eton life. Searchlights from many quarters have centred of late on the great public schools. Big men in industry have taken special pains to impress the need for public schoolboys in industry. It is a sign of the times that they are boldly asking for Eton boys to be trained as commercial travellers (no less!). Salesmen, glorified salesmen, if you will. Young men of good address and good education, who will have the gumption to ask for, as of right, an interview with a principal and having secured it, to talk to him in his own language and interest him. Foreigners for years have employed this type, and already Eton has set in train a course of commercial education which satisfies the experts who will employ the boys. Then there are these Empire tours and foreign tours, exchanges and attachments between England and the Dominions or England and the States. Boys at last are really beginning to comprehend some of the openings which life offers, not from hearsay but from first-hand experience. And (to round off) here is Lord Derby stating publicly that the public school type of youth has since the War proved lamentably lacking in public spirit, and that he can no longer be suffered to stand aside while others undertake those numerous unpaid duties in public and municipal life which are the just obligations, and were once the prerogative, of the public school type. A significant endeavour is on foot to fit the public schoolboy for his place in modern life, to stimulate him to choose his career wisely, and to shirk no longer the reponsibilities of his class.

**For Sick Children.**—This may not be a bright News-item, but my lapse will surely be forgiven me. It is only a fortnight ago that the Prince launched his appeal for half-a-million pounds for the reconstruction of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. The hospital has 330 beds and a country branch at Tadworth. Reconstruction is essential, as the present building is grievously antiquated, and there is no space for the vitally needed research work. The nurses quarters are very inadequate. Money is needed to safeguard the light and hope of one of the poorest districts in London. An appeal has already been distributed. From Dickens downwards, literary men have made this hospital their care, and the present appeal is the work of John Masefield, Binyon, and John Buchan; J. M. Barrie has handed over to the hospital all the rights in *Peter Pan*. On Tuesday, December 2, a festival dinner to forward the appeal was held at Guildhall. And now the lists are open and it is up to you.

**"To Meet the Prince."**—The idea has become established that in these hard times in any admirable appeal for charity the end justifies any means of getting the needed money. By far the commonest means employed is a bare-faced appeal to snobbery to which the Royal Family is recklessly sacrificed. Day after day, for example, the well-to-do householder in London receives a circular invitation signed by some big-wig enclosing in a coronetted envelope a great card of invitation to a public dinner "to meet the Prince." You are invited to wear full evening dress, orders and decorations, and as an earnest that you are a fit person to receive the honour contemplated, you must send a cheque with your acceptance. Your card of invitation is in fact only a lure and a sham. It will not let you in to the charmed circle. Human nature is frail. You must pay (high and in advance) for your passport into good society. Your effective card of entry will follow receipt of your cheque. I deplore the necessity for this sorry and vulgar method of raising subscriptions. It is peculiar to a nation of shopkeepers, but even the appeal to snobbery is not always successful in England. The persistent effort to secure subscriptions for St. George's Chapel from descendants of Knights of the Garter, in exchange for a "testimonial" guaranteeing that there was "no damned merit" in one at least of your ancestors, failed lamentably even in America.

**A Plea for a Clean Cut.**—The pundits sat last week at Lord's and considered further proposals for brightening county cricket. The sub-committee charged last November with the task of formulating yet one more proposal for county table scoring, recommended to increase by 50 per cent the marks allotted to a clear victory. No doubt that is better than nothing. But why not *now*, before it is too late, cut compromise and take a big leap. If the leap fails, it is not quite fatal. There is still a little youth and elasticity left in county cricket. As Mr. Marshall suggested in *The Telegraph*, why not give one point for an outright win and nothing for anything short of that? The game is played "to win." Why not acknowledge that fact and not keep busy an army of nimble accountants who encourage compromise and ca'canny? The luck of the weather is not the only uncertain factor in a game of cricket, and it deserves no special legislation. There is no conceivable system of scoring in county cricket which is not open to criticism, abuse, and complaints of unfairness save one—the simple method. Why not adopt it?

**The Tote.**—The official attitude towards gambling in this country is still in that half-way stage which supports the continental idea that we are a hypocritical race. Officially we give a whispered blessing and a wink to the Tote, and hold up mittened hands in horror at the notion of a lottery And I have not the least doubt that official approval for all and any form of gambling would sound the death knell of thrift. Saving certificates and War loan are still the surest gambles for an Englishman. Meanwhile the Tote shows a surprising advance. Its turnover has surprised us It has clearly come to stay. But it lacks one feature which the bookmaker can offer and that is credit. If a scheme can be devised whereby the Tote can open credit accounts for its clients, there will not remain many firms of turf accountants in England in ten years. As many people know, the 'avenues" are even now "being explored" by a very expert committee. But only that committee knows the difficulties involved and the size of the reserve fund which would have to be built up to make the scheme an ordinary business risk. Such questions as selection of credit accounts, collection and bad debts, demand many months of deep thinking.

**The Coal Crisis.**—The coal crisis is not a subject for a light-hearted and superficial commentary. It is all very difficult and immensely involved. Those who have lately read a little book dealing with the life-story of a miner, are not tempted to generalize in strong language about blind selfishness and folly. Two points occur to me. Public opinion appears to consider that in complicated circumstances the Miners' Federation lost their heads and have lost the fruits of much patient effort to regain authority and moral, and public opinion remembers and commends the wisdom and staunchness of the House of Lords, who by insisting on that conditional "spread-over," have made the only flimsy bridge across the gulf that still yawns below us. By common consent the illegality of working on a spread-over basis of agreement without the fulfilment of the condition is winked at.

THE OLD STAGER.


**"THE SPHERE" XMAS NUMBER, 1930.**

*True to its habit of illuminating matters of interest in all climes and all times, "THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER has ransacked the Globe and the ages to achieve a superlative aggregation of decorative and fascinating subjects. One special feature takes the form of an eight-page section entitled* ***Christmas in Snowy Lands.*** *The various scenes have been drawn by artists familiar with, or actually native to, the countries they portray* ***The Romance of the Bus*** *is a fascinating topic which takes the reader back into the middle of the past century, and the article is delightfully illustrated by artists of the period. Other artists and writers take us yet further back into the romance of the Middle Ages.* ***With François Villon on Christmas Eve*** *is the title of an actual document, deliciously illustrated in colour, relating to an escapade of this most romantic of French poets, this father of modern verse.* ***With Rahere in St. Bartholomew's*** *is the subject of a stirring double page by Mr. W. Bryce Hamilton. Two dainty full pages by Japanese artists add a further note of colour to a very rich issue. Stories and interludes by brilliant pens will hold the attention of the reader for many an hour during the Christmas holidays. The whole is enclosed within a cover which is a tour de force of decorative realism and we venture to think is better than anything which our artists have done in previous years.*

# SOCIETY *and the* STAGE

## Personalities in two Popular Spheres

BRIDE AND GROOM: Captain Sutherland Robert MacDonald of the K.G.I. (Gurkha Rifles) and Miss Jean Margaret Allen after the ceremony at All Souls', Langham Place

MARRIED AT CRONDALL, HANTS: Mr. Assheton Curzon-Howe and Miss Joan Lewis

ARTIST AND IMPRESARIO: Miss Nina Theilade, the young Danish dancer who made her debut last year at the age of fifteen, is seen above in an Amsterdam library with Mr. Ernst Kraus who satisfies her interest in literature. Miss Theilade is making her second European tour this season

CHELSEA PENSIONERS AT A FILM OF BALACLAVA: A section of the audience at the Super Cinema, North End Road. The pensioners sat with two actor veterans of the Great War, Cyril MacLaglen (left) and Alf Goddard seen above

TOURING THE WORLD BY AIR: The famous French team of dancers, Yvonne and Roberts, will cap their success at the Champs Elysées Theatre, Paris, by a tour of the world's capitals in a special aeroplane equipped even with a bath. They will dance before the Mikado and Ras Tafari

# WAGGERIES *of the* WEEK

*CHRISTENING A COCKTAIL BAR: Mr. Leslie Henson opened the new cocktail lounge at Kettner's, established in the room where King Edward used often to dine. On the right of Mr. Henson, who is shaking a cocktail christened "It's a Boy," is Miss Gillian Lind*

*"I LEAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER!" Miss Maisie Gay leaves it to the make-up man in the studio at Beaconsfield, where she is making a talkie*

*TOASTS OF THE TOWN: M. and Mme. Chevalier drink a glass of champagne with the stars of "Follow a Star," Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Sophie Tucker (who is retiring from her rôle), between the acts when the brilliant French comedian and his charming wife visited the Winter Garden Theatre the other evening*

*"THEY SOMETIMES LOOK THAT WAY": A lamp-post in St. Louis, Mo., made of odd pipe joints — an advertisement for a neighbouring plumber. It makes passers by believe they have looked upon the "hooch" when it is wood alcohol*

*MAINLY MUD: A scene in a German street. The long skirted fashions are as yet still, providentially, confined to evening wear, for winter weather is not conducive to the enjoyment of the "trailing clouds of glory" decreed by the mode of yesteryear*

*TAKING A TOSS: A player bites the—not dust but mud—in the hockey match between Berlin and Frankfurt won by the latter team in the capital*

# RESCUE *at* SEA *and the* LAND *turned* WATER

DERELICT: The Swedish freighter *Ovidia* listing after the crew had been rescued by the *Mauretania*. The rescue was carried out in a heavy sea, 1,100 miles east of Ambrose Light Ship

TO THE RESCUE: An impression taken from the *Mauretania* showing the Swedish freighter *Ovidia*, to whose aid not only the great Cunard greyhound but also the *America* of the U.S. Lines hastened; the latter is seen sheltering the *Ovidia*. The vessel sank and the *Mauretania* saved the crew of 28 and the captain's wife

FLOODS IN FRANCE: A scene in the village of Nogent, six miles from Paris, where the Marne has overflowed its banks

AMPHIBIAN: The floods in Devonshire have been very severe of late and the lanes are like Venetian canals

*When the Swedish freighter,* Ovidia, *sent out an S.O.S., she was 1,100 miles east of the Ambrose lightship. Two great liners hurtled to her rescue, the great Cunarder* Greyhound, Mauretania, *and the U.S. Lines steamer* America. *The British boat reached the scene of the tragedy first and found that the freighter had sprung a totally inexplicable leak. The crew of twenty-eight and the only passenger aboard, the captain's wife, had taken to the boats, and were taken on board the* Mauretania.

# "The WORLD before your EYES"

## A Tribute to and a Description of the Modern Phenomenon: **British Movietone News**

*BROADCASTING THE WALL GAME: Mr. K. M. Payne, third choice for the Oppidan Wall, makes a running commentary on this Eton phenomenon. On his left is Mr. T. Scales, Director of Operations on this first occasion a sound film has recorded the game played in honour of St. Andrew's Day*

By W. HOLT-WHITE

"The World Before Your Eyes!"

That was the slogan, as I remember it, of the multiple side-show that was planted about London in those distant days before the War. I recall one in Oxford Street. You paid sixpence and entered a sort of observation car. The car oscillated and you sat tight. Past the car sped rapidly-manipulated scenery, and there was conveyed to you the impression that you were hurtling over Niagara or rushing up the Amazon or tearing by the Alps. We thought it a jolly good lark and—secretly—rather marvellous to travel in these "whizz-wagons" past the wonders of the world. How simple-minded we were in our stray pleasures before the War!

But nowadays! Gee whizz! The dear, old and fabulously dead Dodo is not deader than those pre-War whizz-wagons!

"*The World Before Your Eyes!*"

The promoters and genuine promulgators of that astonishing production, the British Movietone News, have not adopted the slogan of the old whizz-wagons. But they might well do so. And they might add—"The World in Your Ears." For in this news reel you get not only all the sights of the world but all the sounds of it.

You cash down sixpence at the Movietone News Theatre (which is the Shaftesbury Avenue Cinema Pavilion as was) and a scarlet-clad lady conducts you by electric torchlight to a most pleasant armchair from which you can behold and hear the events which most intrigue the world at the moment. In fact and in effect you pay sixpence to listen to the current history of the world as it is unfolded to you on the screen. For sixpence you can see and hear the first fully illustrated talkie newspaper given to the public in this country.

True, sections of this talkie newspaper are being shown by day and night in constantly changing editions in the principal cinemas throughout the country, but here you get an *édition de luxe*—and mighty gripping it is.

By the time this article appears in print the edition of the talkie newspaper I saw and heard must needs be out of date. None the less I must touch on what I saw, for it is one's impressions as a whole that matter, and not the details.

Here then was all the news, home and foreign—the winners of the Irish Sweepstake, the arrival of Kingsford Smith in Sydney, the riots in Bombay. And let us hope that the last picture goes out to all the world—for that series of pictures tells a true story. One knows that it cannot be prejudiced—no pen employed on either side has given any undue colour to the situation! One realizes here the determination behind the revolutionary movement and the care and method employed in its organization. One sees the drilling of the revolutionary volunteers and the rousing of their ardour by the chanting of revolutionary songs. Then the demonstrations in Bombay and the swift melting of the volunteers' attack when it clashes with British discipline. The mob howls and sways. Here and there amid the storm a few British officers—lean, sunburned men armed with walking-sticks—stand as though idly unconcerned. The native police watch their white officers, alert to do their bidding. A nod from a young Englishman and a native policeman darts forward and falls single-handed on a score of rioters. Whack! whack! You can hear the wallop of the policeman's *lathi*. Yelling, the demonstrators take to their bare heels. A procession is advancing up a street. Instantly a hitherto inert Englishman is suddenly roused to action. Alone he charges the oncoming band. It seems that he must be overwhelmed. But his flourished cane bites quick and hard. The procession breaks and flies howling down the street. The lone officer pursues them.

That is the true story of Bombay. Boycott may cripple India's trade, sedition work evils, and mobs rage. The British officer stands fast.

But the talkie newspaper does not merely deal in news. It is as complete as any other newspaper, except that it has no "leaders"; it has no politics. There are the equivalent of magazine pages, fashions, nature stories, interviews with famous people, and the most supremely ridiculous and delicious sound cartoon by the famous author of "Mickey Mouse." That is for the children, but it is perhaps the adults who laugh the longest and the loudest.

How is it done? How is the talkie newspaper produced?

In place of the special correspondents, reporters, and foreign correspondents who supply the raw material in Fleet Street, the editor of a talkie news reel is dependent upon his camera men, his sound-engineer, and his wagons—the wagons which convey the plant for the taking of talking news-films throughout the world.

There are, perhaps, few more wonderful motor vehicles than the latest type of wagon employed by the British Movietone News. They are miracles of speed, compactness, and efficiency. No larger than, say, a saloon Daimler, they can compass a speed of from 60-70 m.p.h. Speed in reaching the scene at which a news sound-film is to be taken is of vast importance, especially if the call be an emergency one such as a railway disaster, a mine explosion, or a wreck upon the coast. And to the scene of such an event must be carried a mass of equipment, most of which is operated by high-tension batteries. As a start, within these neat wagons are packed high-tension batteries storing as much motive power as 400 volts.

Then there are the cameras, the tripods which support them, the microphones from which no sound within reach can escape, the amplifier which communicates the sound, synchronizing it to the picture as the camera is mechanically turned by the various coils which link each part of this intricate plant to each.

Yet there it all is, stored within a space 10 ft. by 5 ft. beneath a roof less than 5 ft. in height.

Each of these cars with its plant costs anything from £5,000 to £8,000. Each car carries a complement of two—the cameraman and the sound engineer, who are very highly paid. Now these cars and their crews are operating all over the United States of America, in Canada, South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, North Africa, China, Japan, and in practically every European country. Some of the wagons which operate in more distant parts—Thibet, for instance—are sent out on three-year cruises. The skippers and mates of these craft are picked for their skill, experience, and resource. They have to provide two pictures a week, and those in control see that they provide them. All these films are sent to various clearing stations, where they are shipped to different parts of the world, but all of them come into London.

In all there are employed 150 wagons scattered about the globe trekking, it may be, across the veldt, forcing their way into Indian jungles, or nosing their way into the Antarctic circle. I saw a sound film recently which had come from a wagon attached to the Japanese engaged on the task of taming and civilizing the Head Hunters of far Formosa.

Small wonder, therefore, that always with its basis of home news, British Movietones can put out reels of infinite variety which, as the world moves on, can never stale. The only pity is that greater use cannot be made of all the myriad sights and sounds which pour into the editorial office every week.

True that every week British Movietones put out two news reels of 800 ft. apiece, two magazine reels of about an equal length, and now at their own theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, a news reel of some 3,000 ft. in length. None the less mile upon mile of the most fascinating sights and sounds must perforce go wasted.

But this news-gathering business is only one aspect of a vast enterprize. There is a studio end, and just as there are wagons moving about the world so there are studios jotted about the world. And at these studios even the great ones of the earth are now content to be filmed, that millions, both in their own and alien lands, may see the expressions of their countenances and hear all the inflections of their voices in many different tongues.

And that difference in tongues is for the moment one of the talkie news reels' greatest problems. It is all very well to see Mussolini haranguing his Fascists, but his vehement Italian cannot be understanded of the average Englishman. In the same way, though all the world wanted to see Amy Johnson, the crisp English she uttered in that modest but vigorous voice of hers on the morning I saw her in the British Movietone studio would be lost on most nations. So it may be that in the future the talkie news reels will be the soundest argument advanced for a universal language.

Meantime the controllers of British Movietones get on with their job. Nothing daunts them. They are filled with the spirit of the moving-picture world.

*"SHOOTING": The camera and sound apparatus records the Wall Game on St. Andrew's Day*

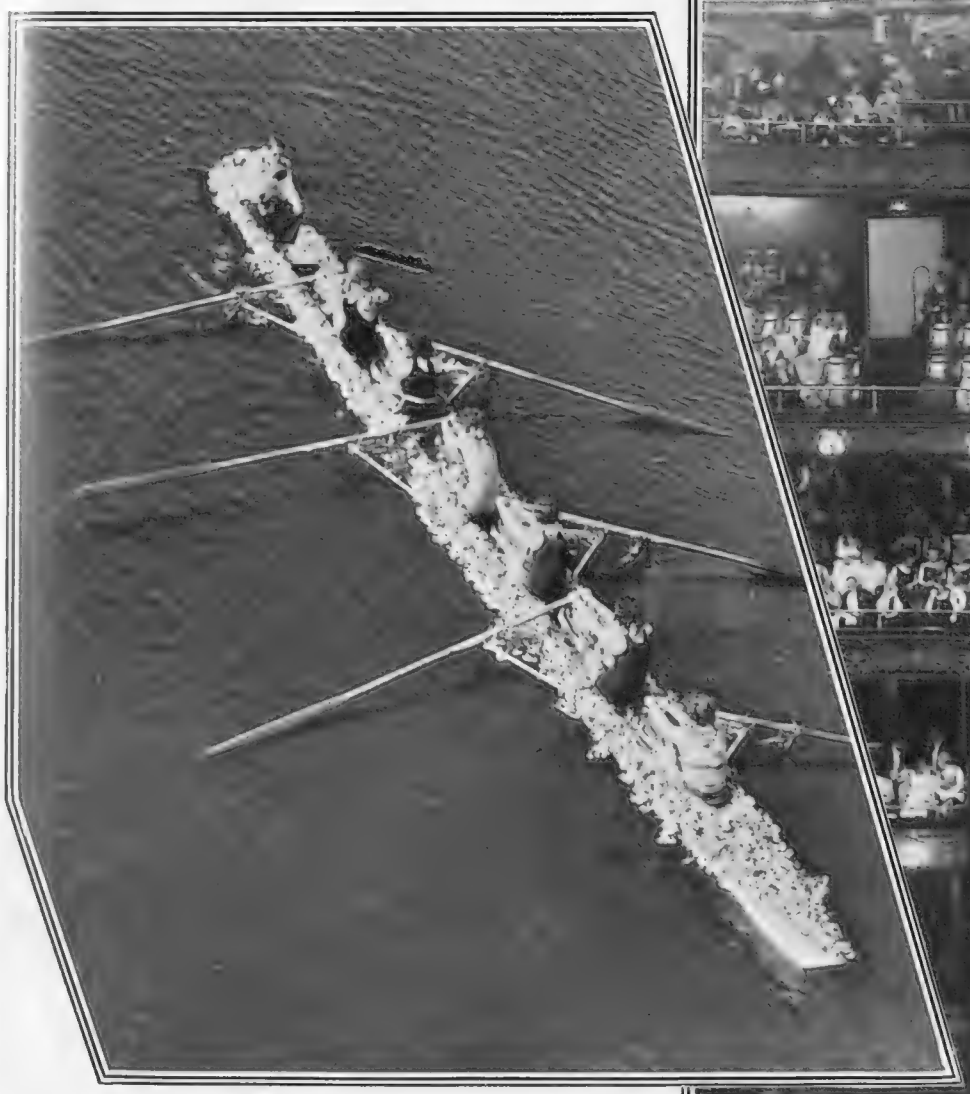
*Special "Sphere" Pictures*

*THE COIGN OF 'VANTAGE: The Movietone operator establishes himself on the roof of his car to "shoot" the Eton Wall Game and the crowd that watched the heroic and Homeric struggle*

# STARS *and* STRIPES

HEALTH FOR HAARLEM: Mayor Walker and other officials of New York City opened a health centre in negroland of the metropolis above 125th Street on the west side

ALLEVIATING DISTRESS AMONG THE UNEMPLOYED: So acute has the out-of-work problem in New York become that members of the 307th Infantry have established an army rolling kitchen, and a neighbouring cigar factory (owner seen on left) has been lent as a relief depot



DEDICATING A NEW COURSE: A "floral shell," rowed by a beauty chorus crew, officially dedicated the course at Long Beach, California, which has been selected for use in the 1932 Olympic Games. The course has accommodation for 100,000 spectators

THE GREAT RESORT OF THE 400: A view of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on the opening night of the 1930–31 season, inaugurated with "Aïda." The lowest circle is known as the Diamond Horseshoe and that above as the Golden Horseshoe. In the words of a famous U.S. quip, "750 of New York's 400 were present"

# ON GUARD

## The Four-footed Sentinel Protects the Chattels of a Household Flooded by the Marne

The immortal line of the old soldier's song: "It's the Same the Whole World Over," rings very true about this picture. All over the world floods are prevalent at this season. All over the world the Friend of Men is defending his master's goods. The ancient adage is that adversity reveals our real friends; and there are innumerable dogs who have brought to their owners the solace of unswerving devotion in the hour of affliction. This little scene at Champigny-sur-Marne is but the prototype of hundreds of similar incidents "the whole world over."

# The RED MENACE to TRADE

## The Peril of Dumping Freely Discussed

By MATTHEW WOLL

*(Vice-President, American Federation of Labour)*

*Can America Afford to Encourage Trade with Red Russia, where Goods Made at Starvation Wages can be Dumped upon the Rest of the World at Cut-throat Prices and thus Endanger the whole Structure of the Civilized World's Commerce? Asks this American Labour Leader.*

Serious consideration has been given the question of how far it is possible for the U.S.A. to have normal economic relations with the Soviet Government of Russia. The Harrimans and many other business men have found that they could not conduct any industry inside that country. The experiences of American exporters have convinced them that they cannot *sell* there except under short term credits or credits renewed from year to year under a long-term contract — such arrangements being erroneously advertised throughout the world by the Soviet Government as "long-term credits" and as proving its high financial status in this country!

The new question now arises as to how far the U.S. can afford to *buy* from the Soviets!

Under the American system, imported goods either pay a tariff fixed on their market value or such goods are imported free of tariff provided that similar favours are offered American goods or for other reasons. Again, they may have to pay a special tariff if there is a tariff discrimination against U.S. or if they are being "dumped" in America to be sold below the cost of their production abroad. But neither cost of production nor market value can be determined in Soviet Russia, where there is no free exchange of goods and where all industry and trade are consolidated into a monopoly of the government. And, finally, any reciprocal tariff favours offered by the Soviet regime may be made utterly valueless at the will of its dictators, who are the only possible purchasers of American goods in Russia.

There is and can be no dispute regarding the fact that in Soviet Russia there is no free market such as could establish any reliable invoice prices on which *ad valorem* duties in that country could be based as in the case of other nations. The entire tariff legislation of the U.S., therefore, does not and cannot apply to such a state of affairs.

Again, Americans cannot say when the Russian tariff is discriminating against them, and when it calls for counter-measures such as U.S. tariff legislation provides against all other countries whose tariffs are discriminating. For any tariff system of the Soviet is meaningless, since if any duties are charged on foreign goods, the Soviet would pay any such duties to the Soviet itself!

The prohibition in existing tariff legislation of "dumped" goods cannot apply in the case of Soviet Russia, even though that country may practice the worst form of "dumping." "Dumping," as at present defined, is the selling of goods in one land at lower prices than those fixed for the sale of the same goods in the markets of origin. But in Russia there is no market, and all prices are fixed arbitrarily by the Government.

For example, the Soviet State monopoly has taken off the tariff on coal which, in any event, it would have paid only to itself, and thereby it has secured the privilege of "dumping" its own coal into the United States free of duty. This occurred late in 1928, and since that time there has been a rapidly gaining import movement of Soviet coal into that country,

The remedy in the case of Soviet "dumping" is that any countervailing U.S. scheme for reciprocal treatment of other nations as regards duties should be recognized by the administration as having application only to such countries as have markets, and where there is no State monopoly of all production, distribution, import, and export.

This would protect them from *free* coal and lumber from Russia, as well as matches, confectionery, and other products of the Soviet Government, monopolies which have begun to be "dumped" on their markets with deliberate disregard of cost so as to give the Soviets purchasing power for machinery and other things they want. At the same time they could admit raw materials that are not produced there.

But there are Russian products which cannot be admitted either free or under any tariff. First, the products of prisoners' labour, whether employed in their forests, mines, or at other places. Prisoners who recently have escaped from northern Russia to Finland have told of their sufferings and forced labour in the forests. The existing tariff law forbids entry of goods manufactured by convict labour. During the autumn many groups of the 40,000 prisoners on the Solovetsky Isles in the White Sea — largely political and economic victims of the Soviet—were sent to the woods of northern Karelia.

Against the rising imports of Soviet coal an appeal has been made by American miners and mine-owners, on the ground of the recent decision of the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals to the effect that the President has authority to exclude from the United States any commodities produced by indentured or forced labour. The competition of Russian coal is already being felt in the anthracite industry and is becoming more threatening,

A tentative brief outlining the situation has been presented to the Cabinet, asserting that Russian coal can be shipped from Port Mariupol to Boston, a distance of 7,000 miles, at a rate of one dollar a ton less than the railroad rate from Pennsylvania to Boston. The brief was presented by the Anthracite Co-operative Association, which is composed of operators, miners, and civic leaders.

Swedish labour has been fighting the importation of Soviet lumber on the still broader ground that even when it is not cut by prisoners it is cut by forced labour. At the beginning of this year *Pravda* (the official organ of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union) recommended the use of forced labour for the purpose of increasing the export of timber. How this was acted upon is apparent from a decree issued on January 9 by the People's Commissariat of the Karelian Government. This decree ordered the executive committee to send the able-bodied working population into the forests not later than January 10 and to use force to compel obedience from the prosperous peasants who did not report for forest work by January 15.

Furthermore, the central trading office and the Karelian-Aeanisjarvi Co-operative Society were instructed to refuse food supplies to all able-bodied persons who refused to go to cut trees. Anyone daring to make speeches against forced labour in the forests was to be handed over to the G. P. U. (the secret police). Similar compulsory mobilizations have occurred in other parts of Russia. From Ingermanland and Karelia alone 15,000 peasants have thus been driven to forced labour in the forests of northern Russia.

This feature of the situation has been fully met by American labour, which has obtained the introduction of a clause in the new tariff bill prohibiting the importation of the products of convict, forced or indentured labour into that country.

This remedy will be effective in limiting their reciprocity of tariff favours to such countries as they were framed to reach and in prohibiting the importation of forced labour.

But the Soviet competition is far more formidable than appears in its persistent attempts to invade the home market. Sooner or later Soviet goods will be competing with America in the foreign markets and in every corner of the globe. They will continue to be grossly inferior in quality and more costly than the latter to produce. They would not constitute any danger whatever to them on a basis of fair competition. But in marketing these goods the Soviets will have three insuperable and unfair advantages.

First they will continue as hitherto to pay their wage-earners pauper wages—sometimes no more than one-tenth of those paid in other countries—keeping them at work in part by threats of the black-list and actual starvation, in part by the menace of imprisonment or forced labour in the forests or the arctic camps (in case they complain or try to organize unions to protect themselves), in part by words, fantastic promises about the heaven soon to result from the "five-year plan."

Second, all the factories being owned and operated by the Soviet Government, only such production costs are kept as suits the convenience of the governing bureaucracy, so that the prices set are purely arbitrary. Therefore, when it is desired to undersell any foreign product abroad, an arbitrary cost price can be fixed and maintained for an indefinite period.

Third, every possible Government advantage is extended to an article it is intended to export. Transportation, advertising, and selling charges can all be fixed regardless of their cost. This is the very thing that the United States and other civilized nations have recently agreed not to do. So why should they accept such treatment from the Soviet without taking defensive measures?

There is no industry on earth that can meet this kind of "competition"—except with the aid of an effective protective tariff. Yet even such a tariff applies exclusively to the home market and furnishes no protection whatever in the foreign market.

What, then is to be done for protection in the foreign market? Again there are two remedies. Is it not clear that everything practical must be done to discourage financiers and industrialists from using capital produced in the U.S. to build up this Soviet engine of destruction? And since the anti-forced labour and anti-discrimination and anti-dumping clauses of the tariff are to the advantage of all free countries by excluding their Soviet rival from the U.S. market, must America not claim the same advantage over the products of the Soviets in their markets through similar clauses in their tariff laws?

The problem is to protect American industry temporarily from a country where, for the moment, all economic functions have been monopolized by a handful of sectarians who have seized the State and use it to abolish economic liberty, to repeal every economic right of the individual citizens, and to reduce the standard of living of their industrial wage-earners and agriculturists to a starvation level in order to accumulate in this way the capital to set up their sectarian society.

Americans have given too little thought and attention to the Soviet economic system. With the "dumping" of goods not only in U.S. markets but in those of England, Germany, and other countries, it is of immediate and practical importance that Americans should clearly grasp what is going on.

We get copious Russian information from day to day, and it would be easy for any competent observer to separate the wheat from the chaff. But the material is vast in extent and nobody has been paid to undertake this all-important task—a neglect which leaves the friends and paid agents of the Soviet (who are numbered by the thousands) a monopoly of the field of interpretation in the Press. Thus we are presented with endless contradictions and gyrations of Bolshevist policy and two sets of conflicting propaganda equally misleading but quite independent—one for home consumption and the other for foreign consumption.

But our chief difficulty is that both the conditions in Russia and the policies of the Soviets are so extraordinary that they are altogether beyond our power of imagination. After having heard them fully described a hundred times by as many reliable and wholly independent and competent eye-witnesses, many of them leading Bolshevists, our imaginations still literally refuse to retain the fantastic picture and our minds refuse to credit the incredible evidence. Literally we do not believe our eyes.

But the time has come when we must accept the following well-established facts or suffer the consequences:

(1) Civilization, as developed by everyone of the more advanced nations through centuries, has been in a large measure deliberately and effectively set aside.

(2) The people of Russia have been made literally the slaves (not being allowed even the right to leave the country) of the State and the State is completely in the hands of a small group of leaders who are determined to use all their power to destroy existing civilization in the rest of the world as they are destroying it in Russia.

Of course, there is no danger whatever that they will succeed. All contiguous peoples who have had a chance to know them are increasingly hostile to them, and scornful of their alleged achievements, while the number of their disciple Communists among the masses of other more distant countries is steadily showing a decrease. But they are at the present moment and may remain for years in firm control both of the helpless and backward peasants and workers of Russia and of Russia's vast resources —and they have mastered the art of enslaving and exploiting this kind of population. With these 150,000,000 serfs, by military threats and subsidized revolts they may not only continue to raise serious disturbances among all the small nations and all the backward nations within their reach, but they may create grave economic difficulties even for the largest and most advanced nations.

By such methods as they are now introducing in their factories to advance their boasted "Five Year Plan," they may so increase their industrial capital that in five or ten years it may be equal to that of Spain or Belgium; in some twenty-five years they may bring up their peasantry to the

*(Continued on later page)*

*THE SOVIET BID FOR WORLD TRADE: A picture just received from Leningrad, showing the launching of the "Sever," a vessel of 6,500 tons with accommodation for 350 passengers. She is intended for service in the Far East, and will be registered at Vladivostock*

# The ENIGMA of RUSSIA:

## Will The Furio... its Promises? ...

RUSSIA AMERICANIZED: The gigantic works at Stalingrad (formerly Tsaritsyn) and thus enable Russia to dispense with imported agricultural machinery ... U.S.A. and most of the heads of ...

THE "TAIL" OF WOE: In modern Russia as in the France of 1790 the d... regimentation of the poor involve queues even in the main shopping centres ... rarest of commodities) are to be obtained

WHERE WOMEN DO THE WORK OF MEN: An operative in the great Americanized ... tractor factory in Stalingrad

JOY IN THE REVOLUTION: A group of typical workers at the thirteenth an... establishment of the Republic

*Below are excerpts from an article by a recent visitor to Russia, Mr. S Randall Heymanson, who published his observations in the "Morning Post," followed by an article from a special correspondent on the actual government of the country*

"Some hundred million acres are to be sown during the winter and a further 250 million acres in the spring. Upon this year's figures, without allowing for the rapid change from sixteenth-century methods to large-scale mechanised farming, the yield per acre should be at least one-third of a ton. The present grain requirements of Russia are set down at about 80,000,000 tons. Allowing for increase of population, wastage, and failure to carry through the full sowing programme of 350,000,000 acres, the Soviet should have a surplus of from twelve to fifteen million tons to sell abroad. . . . Certainly the younger people are heart and soul in the movement. . . . In estimating the stability of the present regime foreign observers too often leave out of account the new generation. To the youth the task of developing Russia's reso... is an exciting adventure, filling all their thoughts, claiming all their enthusi... Propaganda never wearies them, for, denied access to foreign journals and litera... they have no means of checking its truth. . . . An all-round increase of R... exports during the coming year seems inevitable; but dumping on an immod... scale must inevitably bring its own defeat. In its haste to rush goods on the ma... before transport facilities were available the Soviet burnt its fingers badly during ... past few months."

There was no more enthusiastic protagonist for Communism than Paul M... director of communistic propaganda in France. He told the world, at great ... just what a noble experiment was being carried on in Russia. But M. Marion ... the mistake of going to Russia and looking over this experiment. He spent a year ... a half in the Soviets and saw the whole situation laid out before him. It was not

# Efforts now being made Enable the Five-Year Plan to Fulfil Desperate Price Russia is Paying for a Problematical Success

is asserted by the Soviet authorities, will be capable of turning out 50,000 tractors a month ...ured that these works are the largest of their type in the world. The capital was found in the ...ns, according to the Russian Press, hail from America

WITH BLUE WINDOW FRAMES AND SHUTTERS: The modern chocolate factory in Moscow which supplies its best sweets to the Balkans under "dumping" conditions and inferior confections to Moscow itself at 9s. per lb.

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...brations of the

IN THE PARK OF CULTURE AND REST: A girl athlete in the first concession the Soviet has made to human pleasure

THE PRIZE: A diploma banner awarded to the collectivist farm, "The Road to Socialism," as a prize for the best fulilment of the production plan

...ell what he thought it was. For one thing the proletariat didn't any more rule than they had before. Politics, and that sister of politics which is the worst feature of popular government, bureaucracy, were at the wheel. Instead of the entire working population making its own laws he found that the governing class was a small group, which wielded unlimited power, but which was almost as rigid a group as the old aristocrats had been. The bureaucratic caste had its beginning among the proletariat, but to-day it is a distinct caste. Paul Marion called this the "cruellest and most hopeless reality." He discovered that the mass of people had merely changed masters, that they had not achieved freedom and political power. The trouble with any scheme is that, unfortunately, men were not created equal. The lust for power is not confined to the aristocrats of a monarchy which has been ruling for centuries. It exists in many a man who never has a chance to use it Give him this chance, as was done in the establishment of the Soviets in Russia, and he will step into a dictator's rôle with ease—and fight to keep it. The officials who have discovered how it feels to be able to tell their countrymen that they mustn't wear silk stockings and they must not have such luxuries as cameras and gramophones, that they must live thus and so, aren't going to step back, if they can help it, and let somebody else tell them how to live. There are, however, many advantages which the Russian working man now enjoys. Education is now possible for every one who can pass the examinations. Apprentices are required to spend half their time in school. Hours of labour are short enough to allow for classes after hours. College can be had for the entrance exams. and the asking, with board and room, tuition, and even spending money paid.

# POLES APART!

## A Recent Visit to the "Liberated" Catholic Ally of France

By NEGLEY FARSON

**Following on the recent "War Psychosis" series of articles by Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy, which in their wide scope included Poland, of which it was written that the Francophile influence might be wearing thin, we publish below the following purely personal record of a distinguished journalist who has just visited that country. It must be borne in mind that the "atrocities" of which Mr. Farson writes were not committed in cold blood on a pacific populace, but in a centre of revolution where arson and sabotage had occurred**

In the congested café of the Hotel Europejski in Warsaw, among the beautiful Polish ladies and officers, sit a bevy of jaunty but slightly elderly gentlemen. This is the "Colonels'" table, and around it sit the real rulers of Poland. Ironically enough if you chance to enter the café at mid-day, you will find them eating little balls of fried brains. Perhaps they need them, for the calls made upon the virtuosity of the Polish army are simply incalculable. At an instant's notice, they will drop their swords, turning them not into ploughshares but portfolios, and become Ministers of Ways and Communications, Posts and Telegraphs, Interior and Exterior, directors of Press agencies, presidents of State banks—take their strategic position, in fact, wherever the great Marshal Pilsudski needs them to peg down his dictatorship.

"It is nothing less than the *military occupation of Poland!*" a highly distinguished member of the last Sejm informed me. "In these key positions they see to it that no appointment is made or no motion is passed without the sanction or inspiration of Pilsudski. What does Colonel —— know about banking? He doesn't need to know anything: he is just there for liaison with the dictatorship. It is uncomfortably like Stalin's system of 'little nests' by which he manages to insinuate his supporters—and spies—into every institution in Soviet Russia. It's a web. And another thing which makes it even more like the Soviet system is that most of these officers have been members, some of them even chiefs, of the 'Defensive.' That's the Polish 'G. P. U.!'"

THE DICTATOR: Marshal Pilsudski, who governs post-War Poland with a firm hand

He claimed that Poland was in fact being ruled by the "Colonels" and the Political Secret Service, and a summary of office-holders since Pilsudski's *coup d'état*, of 1926, seems to leave no other verdict. In the Government before last six out of the thirteen Cabinet portfolios were held by these "Colonels." They were:

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| Prime Minister | Major Switalski |
| Min. Interior | General Skladkowski |
| Min. Military Affairs | Marshal Pilsudski |
| Min. Labour | Colonel Prystor |
| Min. Posts Telegraphs | Colonel Miedzienski |
| Min. Finance | Colonel Matuszewski |

In the last Ministry seven offices were held by Marshal Pilsudski and his "Colonels":

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|---|---|
| Prime Minister | Marshal Pilsudski |
| Deputy Prime Minister | Colonel Beck |
| Min. Military Affairs | Marshal Pilsudski |
| Min. Labour | Colonel Prystor |
| Min. Posts Telegraphs | Colonel Boerner |
| Min. Interior | General Skladkowski |
| Min. Finance | Colonel Matuszewski |

"Under-secretaryships and other important offices all over Poland held by 'Colonels' are too numerous to be listed," continued this resentful Member of Parliament. "Labour Under-Secretary, for example, is General Hubicki, Finance Under-Secretary is a major. For the Interior it is Colonel Pieracki. Chief of the Political Department is Colonel Stamirowski; his chief aide is the famous Major Hauke-Novak. Chief of Pilsudski's political staff is Colonel Schaetzel, once chief of the notorious 'Defensive.' The chief of the PAT, the Polish Telegraph Agency, is a major in the army and brother of the Vice-Minister of Finance; chief of the Polish Press Association is a Colonel. Head of the most important State bank, the Bank of Polish Economy, is General Gorecki, and practically all heads of the staffs in this bank are "Colonels." Another big financial institution is the Postal Savings Bank—controlled by the Government—and the president of that bank is Colonel Gruber. The chief of the Press Department in the Foreign Office is also a major. And all of these have been put in there since Pilsudski took over in 1926!"

THE LIBRARY OF FINE ARTS: This is established in the palace of the famous family of Poniatowsky, which, after its great days in the mid-eighteenth century, became extinct in the 1850's

Perhaps the most cynical of these appointments, he claimed, was to the presidency of the supreme board of financial control, a sort of Polish *Cour des Comptes*, supervising all Government expenditures, which office—immediately upon the dissolution of the last Sejm—was filled by General Krzemski.

"The great danger in all this is that it promises nothing in the way of solving our social or national problems. It is just an old-fashioned oligarchy, Pilsudski and his janissaries keeping itself in power by all means. It would be criminal to try and call it Fascism—for that *is* a modern conception with at least an ide This is just Tsarist Russia all over again. *And the only answer to it revolution!*"

He then went on to make a statement which I was to hear time and ag from all classes and all political predilections during my stay in Poland. T fact that the outside world does not yet seem to have the slightest concepti what a terrific part this troubled slice of Europe, lying between the scissors Germany and Red Russia, is foreordained to play in what seems the inevit choice of the twentieth century between Fascism and Communism.

"*Here is a country four-fifths as large as Germany, with a standing ar of nearly 300,000 men—the third largest in Europe.* Yet how many peo seem to know what that means? Governed correctly we might very well as we boast, the "buffer State" between the rest of Europe and the forces Bolshevism—*otherwise we may easily become the bridge!*"

* * *

At the time we were talking, the second week in November, the so-call Polish "elections" were in full swing. . . .

A Government, with a minority of around 120 seats out of a Sejm of 444, h been ruling Poland under the iron hand of this thinly disguised Pilsudski tatorship ever since the *coup d'état* of 1926. But as the great marshal likes do things constitutionally—wherever possible—his party was going to the p to secure a Parliamentary majority. A majority, he announced, which could not afford not to get. That meant something more specific than sounds, for without a majority the Government could not pass the parlian ary approval necessary to mortgage the country's securities essential to secure foreign loan. It meant, in fact, quite a lot.

With eighty-one former M.P.'s (members of Parliament) languishing State prisons—all but one of them members of the Opposition, arrested af the new elections were announced on September 1—wholesale confiscatio the Opposition voting lists, widespread intimidation (in Upper Silesia I told I would be beaten if I tried to vote the German ticket), and arrest political speakers, the result was a foregone conclusion. And when it realized that the above imprisoned deputies (including such men as W. Wi three times Prime Minister of Poland), make up about 20 per cent. of the Se itself, that the cancellation on one pretext or another of twenty-four Opposi lists wiped out over one million voters or just one-tenth of the total electo and that something like 35 per cent. of the Opposition leaders were in jail, it not hard to understand how this miracle was accomplished. The Governm got 248 seats.

Pilsudski supporters and a strangely tolerant foreign Press (another interes ing story, by the way), hailed it as a triumph of democracy—"Polan political coming of age." The Opposition, and well-meaning neutral observe who witnessed it, call it the triumph of force and fraud. The world—well t world gets its news from Warsaw.

But it might be of interest to point out that during these "elections" f members of the French Parliament were in Warsaw acting, as I have reason know, in the rôle of political observers. They were worried by what they s And, expressed cynically, their anxiety could be phrased—

"It is all right for Poland to be an ally of glorious France—as long Poland is strong enough to be an ally."

*I have since been informed that the French Government has m representations to the Polish Government about these "elections."*

* * *

From now on my story becomes autobiographical. We have seen how the P treat their own people, and now we come to the minorities, especially those who have no one to speak for them at the League of Nations, and whose petitions and complaints "invariably find their way into the scrap-basket." I speak of the Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia whose recent insurrection took the form during the harvest time of putting the torch to the property of wealthy Polish landowners. The "pacification" of the Ukraine brought out such atrocious stories of Polish brutality that the Polish Ambassador in Washington, perhaps rashly, issued an invitation to foreign correspondents that they should go there "and see for themselves." An invitation which I was naif enough to accept—and which found me a week later under arrest in the remote village of Gaje.

In Berlin, when the Poles heard I was bound Ukrainwards, they hastened to the telephone to assure me of every convenience; in Lwow, of course, I must be sure first to see the *voivode*, who would "arrange everything" for me. The *voivode* is a sort of local district commissioner. In Warsaw, when I announced my intention to the Foreign Office, it was not received with enthusiasm. At the same time strange comments began to appear in the newspapers, one of which said there were foreign newspaper correspondents in the town—"some are correspondents and some have just come here to find things to say against our fair land. *As such we should simply get*

NEW PARLIAMENT

CAPITAL: Warsaw by night seen from Praga, a suburb on the right bank of the Vistula

*rid of them.*" Of course, said the Foreign Office, I would see the *voivode* immediately upon arriving at Lwow. He would "arrange everything."

At 9.05, the snowy morning I arrived in Lwow, the *voivode* was asleep and therefore not able to "arrange everything," so leaving my card I took a motor-car and drove out to the remote village of Gaje which, it was whispered to me in Warsaw, had been the scene of some of the worst atrocities. Polish roads are quite dreadful in the winter, the car slithered along on a scum of slippery mud, and this enabled me to get the information I would not have got otherwise; for when we reached the country cross-road going over the hills to Gaje we were mired, and I had to do the rest of the journey on foot. For some two miles I walked across the bleak, windy hills. A heavy snowstorm had set in against which some doleful crows were flapping helplessly. A depressing picture. And then I passed along a straggly grey forest (which comes into this story), and in a notch of the hills, huddling from the winter, I found the clay, thatched huts of tragic Gaje.

The peasants were out, in conical sheepskin hats, busily engaged wrapping their clay houses in bundles of straw, like overcoats, to keep in the warmth of the stove. Yes, they said, the soldiers had been there. Yes, they had beaten a lot of people—you know what soldiers are. Badly? Well . . . they had killed Tiutku. How did that happen? Well . . . Tiutku was afraid . . . when the boys saw the cavalry riding they ran out and tried to hide in the woods. Then the soldiers flushed them out—just like partridges. They beat them. Tiutku? Well . . . he must have been weak . . . he thought he could save himself from further beating if he could get on the good side of the soldiers . . . help them to find something. There was a machine-gun, he said, hidden in a house he knew in the next village. Ah ha! said the soldiers. They took him there—and of course there wasn't any machine-gun—they couldn't find anything.

"Why did you lie to us?" asked the officer.

"Because I hate you," wept Tiutku.

Then the soldiers beat him again and Tiutku died the next day.

* * *

That was the story. And I might say, that when they knew I had found it out the political police in Lwow admitted it to me the next day, only they said he died of heart failure—as well he might.

* * *

Then the police caught me. I had noticed that the peasants were beginning to get frightened as they talked with me. *How did they know I might not be an agent of the Poles?* Perhaps, they suggested, it would be better if the policeman saw my documents? I agreed, although I knew what it meant, and upon the appearance of that spick and span Polish policeman the wretched peasants became as silent as the grave.

Finding that I had no official permission to visit the village, he immediately said he would have to take me back into Lwow. "Orders is orders," said he—and why had I not immediately reported to him upon entering the village—just tell him that! I smiled and the peasants grinned in rueful chorus. He was a decent policeman, doing his job, and we conversed amiably in the straw-filled cart that took us back to the main road, where my waiting motor-car rushed us back into Lwow.

But there the scene changed. I was taken to the station of the dreaded "political" police, where in a room gory with photographs of bomb outrages and local terrorists captured in wrecked homes with blood-spattered walls, I was put through a six-hour inquisition which reminded me of nothing less than when I was arrested by the Tsarist "Okhrana" in 1915. Why had I gone to Gaje? Why had I not seen the *voivode* first? What had I seen in Gaje? Who had I talked with in Lwow? Hour after hour, until beginning to get annoyed, I began to ask questions myself. Did I have to have a written permission to visit a village?—Yes. Did I have to show it to the local policeman as soon as I got there?—Yes. "Who's asking these questions," demanded the sinister "political" Inquisitor—"I, or you?" I told him that I was; whereupon another policeman was called, and I was taken out into another room where I remained under guard. It was cold. But the last hour of my incarceration there became warm enough—the talk now centred sharply on my note-book. What had I written in it out in Gaje?

I replied that that was my affair. If it was an official order that they take it from me, then, I said, I could not prevent them with so many policemen around; but that would place an entirely different complexion on this whole affair. If they took it from my pocket, I assured them, I would report that fact to my Ambassador. The Inquisitor gave me a sickly grin.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM IN POLAND: Two members of the Hebrew race which, in Poland as in Russia, is not beloved

"Be a good fellow," he wheedled. "Let me see it—just for me."

This naïve request was too much for me, and I told them they must let me go and get my dinner as, aside from being cold and covered with mud, I had had nothing to eat the whole day. So at ten o'clock that night they let me go, followed by spies who were as adhesive as my shadow from then on.

* * *

That night, as Lwow is a sophisticated provincial town polonized with the cultivated tastes and desires of the sons of country landowners, I had the peculiar experience of eating an excellent late supper in the very presence of the smart officers of the crack 14th Cavalry regiment, whom the peasants in wretched Gaje that morning had told me had beaten their comrade to death.

POLAND, A CENTRE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD: A great congress held in Warsaw to consider grave questions of the treatment of Romanists in other lands

Finishing my French wine, with the orchestra playing "Victoria and Her Hussar," I went out into the lobby and found my spy waiting for me—a particularly ugly girl in rubber boots who ruined my appetite from then on.

* * *

The next day in a tiny make-shift hospital protected by the sacred wall of the Uniate Church, I saw eleven peasants in such a state that I could hardly bear to look at them. Their buttocks had been beaten to a pulp. Some of them had been lying there five weeks attended by the kindly nuns; bandages were removed, showing raw red septic sores some six inches in diameter that it seemed nothing less than extensive skin grafting could ever hope to cure. They were merely a few from the hundreds of villages that had been "visited" by the soldiery. One man of sixty-two told me how the cavalry had ridden into his village, driving the peasants before them like cattle. The peasants

(*Continued on later page*)

GS IN WARSAW: A general view of the new buildings, showing the House of Representatives, and, on right, a club built specially for the members

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

# WORLD AFFAIRS

## An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

**BILLIONS, OR BLUFF?**—The advance guard of between 600 and 1,000 Spanish visionary heirs to an "enormous fortune in British banks" is to come to London soon, to begin the process of collecting the money. I heard the story in Lisbon the other day.

Some 250 years ago, died "somewhere in India" a Spaniard from Catalonia, Don Bonet, adventurer, bachelor. He is spoken of as a "Viceroy," and supposedly left a vast fortune. Bitter disappointment came to his heirs when his will was opened. It provided that his "enormous wealth" should be deposited in and administered by five British banks for 140 years. At the end of that period the accumulated and multiplied fortune of the "Viceroy" was to be divided among the heirs of his heirs.

In 1838 Don Francisco Bonet, then commander of a fortress near Barcelona, learned of the fortune and testament of his ancestor. Never in war did he fight so hard as for those "millions of pounds in British banks." He died fighting for them, but without having won them. Other Spanish Bonets are alleged to have dreamed the same dream just as vainly. It is claimed that as late as 1885 or 1886 there were records in three London banks of the "Bonet Legacy."

For nearly another half century that "legacy" slept in the British banks. One day recently, when news was scarce and dull, *Las Noticias*, an enterprising newspaper in Barcelona, printed the romantic story of the "Viceroy" Bonet Legacy and suggested that energetic steps should be taken to force the British banks to disgorge this vast inheritance, estimated at around two-and-a-half billion pesetas, or £25,000,000 sterling. That sum, "small in England," would help a lot in Spain with its depreciated peseta to-day!

The Spaniards are passionate gamblers and love lotteries. This looked like a good lottery for all the branches and twigs of the Bonet Tree. Hundreds reported themselves from all corners of Spain. In effect it was "Bonets unite"! A general assembly of the Bonet family tree was called. A Bonet Legacy Company, Limited, was formed. Organization was effected and basic lines for distribution of the fortune agreed upon. Six hundred and fifty members were elected, but more are still clamouring for admission. It costs one shilling admission into the Bonet Legacy, Limited, if elected as "heir," the monthly dues even less. A committee was named which is authorized to examine all documents and family trees of those who lay claim to being members of the clan Bonet, and therefore heirs to the fortune of the Catalonian Viceroy of 250 years ago.

A commission of lawyers will shortly be sent to London to take the first important step—to determine, has the mythical Viceroy legacy any basis, or is it a Spanish legend?

**"LOVE VERSUS AMBITION."**—That might well be the title of a romantic love drama that has its setting in beautiful Budapest, twin-city on the Blue Danube.

Archduke Albrecht, only son of Field-Marshal Archduke Friederich, Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian armies in the world war, and his wife, the Archduchess Isabella, startled royal and aristocratic society in Europe recently by secretly marrying Countess Irene von Lelbach, divorced wife of the Hungarian Minister in Sofia, and one of the most beautiful women in Hungary.

The young Archduke is perhaps the most charming, sympathetic, and intelligent of all the members of the one-time Imperial-Royal Habsburgs. His popularity extends beyond the borders of Hungary and Austria. He was regarded as the most likely successful candidate for the throne of Hungary if it came to a "free election of a King." For a time he was spoken of as the elected husband for Princess Giovanna of Italy, who recently married King Boris of Bulgaria. But Albrecht fell in love with Irene von Lelbach, and his marriage to her in Brighton not long ago caused a sensation and was interpreted as evidence that he had given up all aspirations to the throne of Hungary.

Ex-Empress Zita, now head of the Imperial-Royal Habsburg House refused her consent to the marriage. His father and mother also refuse to recognize his lovely young wife as a member of the family. Archduke Albrecht appealed to the Pope for a dispensation and for permission to marry his wife again with a church ceremony. No decision has yet been rendered by the Holy Father. Ex-Empress Zita is credited with protesting at the Vatican.

The ex-Empress, whose life-dream is to place her son Otto on the Hungarian throne, would seem to be over-playing her hand if what friends in Budapest and Vienna write me is true. Her attitude promises to make Albrecht again an aspirant for the Iron Crown of St. Stefan, in rivalry with her own son Otto. Zita never could be charged with being clever, but as a crowned head once remarked to me "very obstinate."

Friends of Archduke Albrecht tell me that he does not dream of divorcing his wife to please the ex-Empress. Certainly he would lose much admiration and sympathy—and that not only in Hungary—were he to take that step. Under the Hungarian dynastic law the King may marry any woman of his choice, and is not limited to "equal birth." Albrecht, so his friends declare, maintains that as a private Hungarian citizen he has the same right and exercised it.

*A HABSBURG ANOMALY: Archduke Albrecht, whose marriage has fluttered the Habsburg dove-cotes*

His father, Archduke Friederich, was one of the richest men in Austria-Hungary when the war broke out. To save as much as possible of his estates when the war ended disastrously for his country he and the Archduchess Isabella "sold" the property to an American syndicate to prevent confiscation in Czecho-Slovakia and Austria. Samuel W Untermeyer, a famous New York lawyer, was one of the attorneys in the matter. Archduchess Isabella later protested against the transaction.

**BRIBING THE SPIRITS.**—Man's ingratitude and lack of recognition towards the spirits of dead cats and dogs sacrificed to make drums for the Japanese musical instrument known as the *samisen*, is responsible for the present business depression in that trade, according to the *samisen* makers of Tokio.

The dissatisfaction of these unhonoured feline and canine souls is expressed in many alarming ways, not the least of which is the ever-increasing demand for western music and instruments. It took the *samisen*-makers some time to probe the reason for the present economic difficulties, but once discovered they are losing no time in applying the remedy. A large bronze statue of propitiation will be dedicated at the main temple of the Nichiren sect of Buddhism on Mount Minobu. Seven feet high, weighing 1,600 lb., it represents a benign-looking dog in Buddhist robes, holding on its lap a cat in Buddhist robes, surmounted by a small statue of Buddha and is now in the home of Mr. Kojiro Shinamura, who explained that the dog is much larger than the cat because many more dogs are sacrificed than cats. The dedication ritual will take place in March in the hope that this attention, together with Buddhist masses to comfort the departed animals, will restore prosperity to *samisen* circles

Mr. Shimamura maintains that mass should always be said for the spirits of the cats and dogs. "Some of the *samisen* manufacturers and dealers do observe mass individually for the spirits of the dead animals, but the practice is by no means universal among us. I interpret this neglect as being greatly responsible for the present bad state of business. Many dog- and cat-killers, *samisen* manufacturers and dealers, secretly feel this. We should strike a compromise with the spirits of the animals, and hold Buddhist masses to comfort them."

Although the cat figures on the statue smaller than the dog its skin is worth four times the amount of a dog-skin, and only one drum can be made from one cat-skin while a dog-skin serves for several drums. Mr. Shimamura quotes as a sinister indication the fact that *samisen*-makers' families soon die out, never continue the business in direct succession, and rarely prosper.

*AT THE UNVEILING OF JUGO-SLAVIA'S MEMORIAL TO FRANCE: King Alexander and Queen Marie arrive for the ceremony at Belgrade. The memorial is the work of Ivan Mestrovitsch*

**AERIAL LETTERS—£1 A PIECE.**—The year 1930, marked by such outstanding aviation events as Commander Kingsford-Smith's record-breaking flight from London to Australia in a British light aeroplane, von Gronau's flight to New York in stages via Iceland and Greenland in a German flying-boat, Costes and Bellonte's non-stop Paris to New York transatlantic crossing in the French *Question Mark*, Boyd and Connor's West to East Atlantic flight in the American *Miss Columbia*, is to end with one of the most spectacular aerial events since the *Graf Zeppelin*'s historic round-the-world flight last year.

General Italo Balbo, Mussolini's daring and energetic Minister of Aviation, will personally command a fleet of twelve Italia Savoie multi-motored seaplanes in a flight from Rome to Rio de Janeiro, officially scheduled to take place this month (December). Preparations have been in progress for months. If what I hear from Italy is correct this will not only be the first aerial fleet adventure of the kind in history, but a commercial venture as well. The twelve seaplanes are to carry 100,000 letters, the special postage on which is to be £1 sterling each. That will mean £100,000 if that number of letter-writers can be found at that price.

The twelve seaplanes, I am informed, will be purchased by the Brazilian Government for its Naval Air Force. The agreement was made by the Brazilian Government recently overthrown, but I understand that the new revolutionary Government is disposed to ratify that agreement. If the flight succeeds without serious mishap it will greatly increase the prestige of Italy in the air. General Balbo, with whom I discussed the flight recently, was most enthusiastic over this "aerial invasion" of the western world.

*THE HABSBURGS: Ex-Empress Zita, on whose right is "King" Otto, and around whom are grouped her other seven children*

# LONDON'S NEW *Street Side* PASSENGER STATIONS

*THE PASSENGER STATION IN THE STREET: The new phase of metropolitan existence on the Victoria Embankment*

*ON THE EMBANKMENT: A long line of motor-coaches drawn up awaiting departure. They add to the already acute traffic problem yet another dilemma—and no payment is made by the companies for the facilities granted to these motor monsters*

*AWAITING DEPARTURE: The knot of passengers on the Embankment. The progress of busy pedestrians is impeded by this new phenomenon*

*PASSENGERS ARRIVE WITH THEIR LUGGAGE: A note in the "road railways" running to London to-day*

## THE NEED FOR AN EXAMINATION OF A NEW TRAFFIC PROBLEM

The motor-coach passenger station is a new phase of London life which has developed during the past few months. Lines of coaches draw up at particular points and deposit their passengers on the adjacent pavement. The busy atmosphere of a railway station is often reproduced on the public footway. Passengers arrive with their luggage and await the departure of their particular coach. The chocolate and biscuit seller is to be seen with his tray. Drivers of cars and coaches gather in sociable knots. An outstanding example of this new development is to be seen any day on the Victoria Embankment below the Adelphi. Here a long train of coaches can be seen awaiting their particular passengers. We understand that the control of these new passenger stations is entirely in the hands of the police, and that this Embankment Station, for instance, does not bring any relief to the Westminster taxpayer by any rental charges paid for the use of the roadway and pavement as a passenger station. It is obvious that the new situation requires a thorough examination in view of the congested state of London traffic. Many of the travellers one sees awaiting their coaches have not the appearance of travelling on urgent business

*THE GUARD'S VAN ON THE ROOF: So popular and so cheap have the motor-coaches become that the railways are hard hit by the situation they have precipitated*

*"CHOCKLITS, CIGRETTES": The roadside station, as the railway station, has its peripatetic restaurateur. An itinerant newsvendor is another feature not unknown*

# BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—*and* CATS

## The Work of Mr. Cecil Beaton and Michael Joseph

*Reviewed by* CECIL ROBERTS

This week I write of lovely ladies and wise cats. It is only chance that brings these two books, *The Book of Beauty*, by Cecil Beaton (Duckworth. 25s.), and *Cat's Company*, by Michael Joseph (Bles. 15s.), on to a reviewer's table. It would seem that when Mr. Beaton is not snapping some member of the photocracy in a light that never was on land or sea, he is devising a neat verbal compliment to fit the flattery of his art; and when Mr. Michael Joseph is not stroking a sleek and purring authoress, in his rôle of literary agent, he is titillating tabby in less-scratchful cats' company. Both these books are large, expensive, expansive, highly flattering, and thoroughly enjoyable.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Beaton's sense of beauty there can be no doubt he is a very great artist with the camera. I can say this without being accused of fishing for a complimentary sitting. He is about the only photographer in London who has not written to say I am such a tremendous celebrity that the gallery is incomplete without me. I have never taken advantage of their rash flattery. My face is a punishment I would not visit on the strongest lens of an importuning photographer. As for Mr. Cecil Beaton, had I the crimp hair of Mr. Beverley Nichols, or the eyelashes of Mr. Owen Nares, it would avail me nothing. He cannot conceive the mole as a decorative animal, his camera reveals a feminine eye for feminine beauty. Many of his subjects are like the dolls one uses as telephone covers. They are decorative mutes in whom one would never suspect a live wire. Certainly, to my mind and eyes, these women are not beautiful, not more than ten out of the seventy in his *Book of Beauty*. Strip them of their artificial adjuncts, and the skilful *décor* of Mr. Beaton's art, and they are plain women. You can see a hundred girls a day in the West-End buses and shops who would make these beauties seem waxworks in comparison.

But Mr. Beaton has already apologised for his title. "There will be disagreement about my choice of those included and excluded, as there always will be about personal taste. My own choice is for the super-pretty and the exotic." The fact that this book contains Miss Tallulah Bankhead and Miss Edith Sitwell denotes its scope. For inclusion it would seem that one must have five thousand a year or an equivalent qualification for the smart set of Mr. Beaton's studio. The somewhat misleading title allowed for, the *Book of Beauty* is a delightful entertainment, even if one ignores the triumph of photographic art. The author is quite as apt with his pen in the art of delicate compliment—he contrives to say something nice about seventy of his subjects without repeating a phrase—and with him, his art began at home and would well remain there, for nature provided him with two lovely sisters. If I were either of them I should be as well pleased with his pen's portraits as with his camera's.

"I see them, with their eyes still half asleep, in dressing-gowns at breakfast, and in their nightgowns with faces covered with cold cream before going to bed at night. I call up and see Nancy hanging over the staircase, three flights above, with her hair flopping over her face, and Baba I see leaning over a basin having her hair washed, or like a Turkish lady with her head wrapped in a towel . . . and they take on a new aspect on all sorts of unexpected occasions, and I am delighted to find them stimulatingly lovely in quite a new way when suddenly transformed into passengers on a Channel steamer, into shoppers in a village market, or into part of the crowd feeding the pigeons in St. Mark's Piazza."

There is not a photograph in this delicately-produced book which is not a consummate camera triumph and a thing of beauty. Perhaps the most striking is that of the Countess of Oxford, the most beautiful that of Miss Anna May Wong, the most outrageous that of Miss Sitwell, and the most fantastic that of Miss Alice White. And now, please, will someone endow Mr. Beaton so that he can leave his wealthy clients and give us a book of natural beauty, whose subjects rise early, work daily, and who grace the streets with a thoughtless loveliness that owes little to the dressmaker and the face manipulator?

Being a dog lover and regarding cats as a creeping lust for milk, I am not a sympathetic reader for Mr. Michael Joseph's book. But I must confess that *Cat's Company* has changed my attitude somewhat. The secret and selfish life of the cat is here transformed. Mr. Joseph has owned fourteen at a time, and is now a fount of cat wisdom, engagingly displayed. I had no idea there was so much cat lore to be learned or that they had played so important a part in the world of letters and of State. Cardinal Wolsey kept a cat which sat by his side when delivering judgment as Lord Chancellor, but an even more ecclesiastical cat was that of the Pope, Leo XII, which was reared in the folds of his white robe. Richelieu and Poincaré have owned cats, and among literary cats must be numbered Dr. Johnson's Hodge, for whom he would go out to buy oysters, much to Boswell's disgust. Lord Chesterfield gave advice to his son, but a pension to his cat. Baudelaire wrote three poems to his cats, which reminds me that I have stroked a cat sitting on d'Annunzio's shoulder, named Eleonora, perhaps in memory of Duse. Mussolini, as a superman, keeps a super cat—a tame tiger cub.

Mr. Joseph thinks there are more cats in London than in any other city in the world. He is probably correct, but I have not forgotten my surprise one morning near the Trajan Column in Rome when I found an arena full. They have disappeared, I understand, under the new broom sweeping that city, but they are to become State pensioners, says Mr. Joseph, "under whose efficient care they will, no doubt, in time, acquire a truly Fascist sleekness." England, too, has her official cats, it seems. A famous cat was Mike of the British Museum, who kept the gate from 1909 to 1929, when he died in honoured old age. When Sir Wallis Bridges, the famous Egyptologist, retired, he returned once a week to bring sixpence for Mike's pocket money. Equally famous was Emily of the Home Office, Rufus, the Treasury cat, and Tabs, the senior cat at the War Office. But easily the most distinguished of all is Abanazar of the Office of Works, who is more permanent than any Prime Minister at 10, Downing Street.

There are people who cannot stay in the same house with a cat. They would never be guests of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who lives on the island of Jethou with eleven Siamese cats. Yet the Egyptians garlanded altars in honour of the cat. What happened after the Jews left their bondage? Surely a cat or two walked back with them? There is, however, no mention of a cat in the Bible.

Perhaps the film has done more than anything else to popularize "the harmless necessary cat" as Shakespeare called him, and the antics of Felix became dear to millions. On one point Mr. Joseph incontestably scores over dog-lovers. The cat is an independently clean creature. He has other virtues, and I should hesitate to assail his character in the presence of Mr. Michael Joseph, who doubtless hears music in a voice like a strangled child's under his window at midnight. Well, cat-lover or brick-thrower, here is a delightful book about the most secretive of creatures, catty, chatty, and comprehensive, ranging from the secret lusts to the mysterious diseases of these haunters of the hearth who, alpinists by night, view us in slit-eyed indifference by day.

Mrs. James Elroy Flecker writes to me a little perturbed by the impression given by a letter of Flecker's, which I quoted the other week, wherein he said he was living "on at an hotel on tick—that is, giving cheques which can't be cashed." Lest any of my readers should assume that a desperate poet was resorting to desperate devices, Mrs. Flecker points out that the letter from which I quoted was dated August 12, 1914, which gives quite another complexion to the quotation. It was a time when Europe was thrown into chaos. "The letter," says Mrs. Flecker, "was written from Davos at the outbreak of hostilities when, for a while, postal communications with England were interrupted and the Swiss banks refused to cash cheques, while the hotel where we were staying asked to be paid in cash, which one could obtain nowhere. This was the 'unpleasant situation' my husband referred to."

Mr. Shane Leslie has given us in his epic *Jutland* (Benn. 10s. 6d.), a poem on a great naval battle in which he binds himself in the tightest of fetters. I think, perhaps, this passion for accuracy has resulted in the restricted flight of his poesy. The vehicle of his imagination never quite rises off the ground. The verses are timed, minute by minute, throughout the action, and they have been overhauled by two naval commanders present at Jutland. But the effort, even in its failure as poetry, reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Shane Leslie. Working in such considerable bonds of historical accuracy there are moments when he approaches great music, and I think he has proved that a modern, mechanical vocabulary, dealing with a mechanistic theme, can be made to convey an epic sweep:

On shrapnel puffs the seaplane seemed to dance
Before returning from reconnaissance.
She saw the German cruisers turn like mice
Towards the ocean's edge; and signalled thrice
Before her lighting body dropped and creased
The waves; while Beatty's cruisers pounded East.

This is good verse, if not poetry, but

> Afar red rippling flames shoot parallels,
> And seconds pass, till air delivers shells
> Emerging like blue-bottles to the eye.

is doggerel. The test of an epic poem is whether it could be recited aloud. Mr. Shane Leslie's cacophonies and tongue-twisters make this quite impossible, and good passages have sudden, alarming descents into bathos:

Rend men and ships to blood-and-thunder scenes
And iridescent scenes to smithereens.

This, to quote a famous verdict, will never do. But the poet often rises above this, and there are moments of really fine music, when Mr. Leslie is content to ignore his fetters. Never, I think, has a poet set himself so formidable a task, or tackled it with such inexorable honesty; and if beauty comes seldom into his verse, when it does come it is worthy of the theme:

> By grassy glade or mead they shall not roam,
> Whose eyes are caught in sandy monochrome:
> Nor watch the breakers whiten 'neath the Down,
> Nor march by Plymouth or in Portsmouth Town;
> But surely bide at sea all mortal time,
> Till Arctic interchange with Tropic clime.
> Theirs ever be the under-Ocean calm;
> Their name a Peace; their memory a Psalm.

## The week's selection—

**The Revolver Republic, by *G. E. R. Gedye*** (Arrowsmith. 10s. 6d. net).—This is a story of repression, told by an eye-witness with some bitterness, who saw the occupation of the Rhine by the French and their attempt to found a republic there. It is a story of intrigue, treachery, and murder. That it was utterly disgraceful no one can deny, but the oppression was in no sense worse than what Germany had inflicted on France and Belgium during her triumphs.

**Life in Spain To-day, by *Charles Wicksteed Armstrong*** (Blackwood. 10s. 6d. net).—An appreciation of the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, and the renaissance under his rule. The daily life of the people is happily described.

**Last Essays, by *Lord Birkenhead*** (Cassell. 15s. net).—A final collection of contributions to daily journalism. When the late earl writes on subjects within his knowledge he is well worth reading. It is singular to have him belabouring Mr. Lloyd George for his "vituperation and vulgar indecorum." Mr. Lloyd George knew he had only one rival in this respect. There is a striking indictment of Cook, the agitator, and a masterly essay on Bolshevism.

**The Island of Penguins, by *Cherry Kearton*** (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net).—These birds, which contrive to look like bishops, have most amusing antics united with a grave exterior. Here they are photographed and gosipped about in a fascinating manner.

**The Doll's House, by *Rose Fyleman*** (Methuen. 5s. net).—A new story by an author who is an established favourite in the nursery—and elsewhere. Clearly destined for the Christmas stocking.

**Certain People, by *Edith Wharton*** (Appleton. 7s. 6d. net).—A collection of six short stories, all of them written with the ability that marks Mrs. Wharton's work. But I do not understand the last story "Mr. Jones," which leaves the reader "in the air." It is a story whose "explanation" might prove a good debate.

**Vulgarity in Literature, by *Aldous Huxley*** (Chatto and Windus. 2s. net).—Mr. Huxley practises his customary habit of digressing from his theme, but he contrives to trounce Dickens as a vulgarian for his "ineptitude and vulgar sentimentality," and to raise a dozen other provocative issues. This is the first of an attractive series, "The Dolphin Books," original, beautiful, and cheap.

**The Mediterranean Murder, by *Rosa and Dudley Lambert*** (Wishart. 7s. 6d. net).—An excellently evolved murder story set in a villa at Nice with an engaging blend of the exotic and the sinister.

**The Misted Mirror, by *Henry Daniel Rops*** (Secker. 7s. 6d. net).—A most interesting study of the French adolescent and his reactions to the spirit of the age. It presents a detailed study of the growth of the young Frenchman's mind, and explains the puzzling divergence between the Latin and Saxon types. It is highly readable throughout.

*FROM THE TREASURES OF THE SHAH: An ewer in tinned copper engraved with bands of decoration in animal and geometrical designs. In the centre are cartouches containing a twelfth-century Naskh inscription*

*OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: A jug in earthenware, painted in black and cobalt. The blue is under a turquoise glaze. The arabesques on both neck and bottle are bordered by bands bearing an inscription on a black background*

*UNDER A GLAZE OF COBALT BLUE: This jug with a pear-shaped body, the lower half fluted, the upper decorated with a flowering inscription in foliated Kufic characters, dates back to the thirteenth century*

# PERSIAN ART

## at the Forthcoming Royal Academy Winter Exhibition

*PAINTED IN RUBY LUSTRE: A pear-shaped ewer encircled round the body by two bands, by inscription, and on the shoulder, by a row of birds. It is of the Rhages type and dates back to the thirteenth century*

I'd like a
WILLS'S
"GOLD FLAKE"

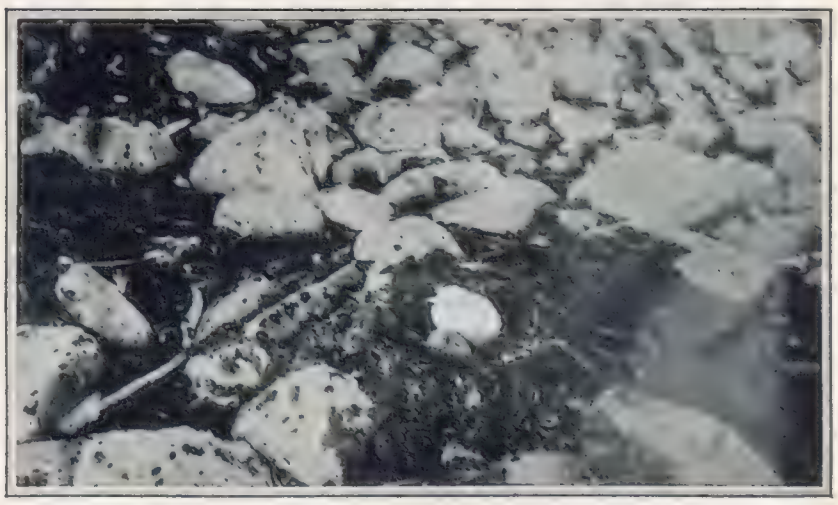
# *The* TRAGIC ADVENTURE *of* ANDRÉE

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Dealing with the Latest Developments in the Amazing Arctic Adventure which Started Thirty-three Years Ago and Remained until this Year an Unfinished Story

THE MEANS OF CONVEYANCE: The boat and the sledge carried in the Andrée balloon and used after the enforced descent of the latter. Rowing on the wide leads was both possible and enjoyable, and it is conjectured that had it not been for the stoves, the adventure might have been a success

THE EXAMINATION OF THE DIARY: Dr. Stubbendorff, the leader of the Isbjorn Exhibition, reads with a powerful magnifying glass the record left by Strindberg who, with Herr Frankel, formed the "crew" of the balloon

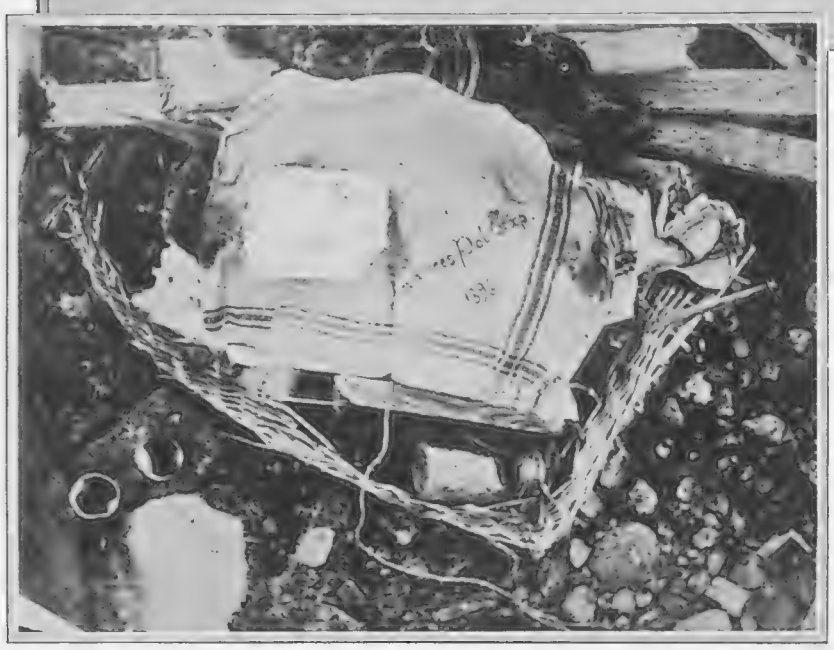
MUTELY ELOQUENT RELICS: The kitchen utensils in the camp and a plate containing the remains of the pioneer's last meal. All these objects were buried in hard ice until this summer, when a very open season revealed them to the explorers



THE GRAVE OF A PIONEER: The frozen tomb in which Strindberg was found. Close by the skull of the ill-fated explorer, an egg and a newly-hatched sea-bird were found. The expedition's work was hampered both by polar bears and by intense snow-falls

# AFTER THIRTY YEARS: *Pictures Actually Taken by Andrée now Revealed to the World*

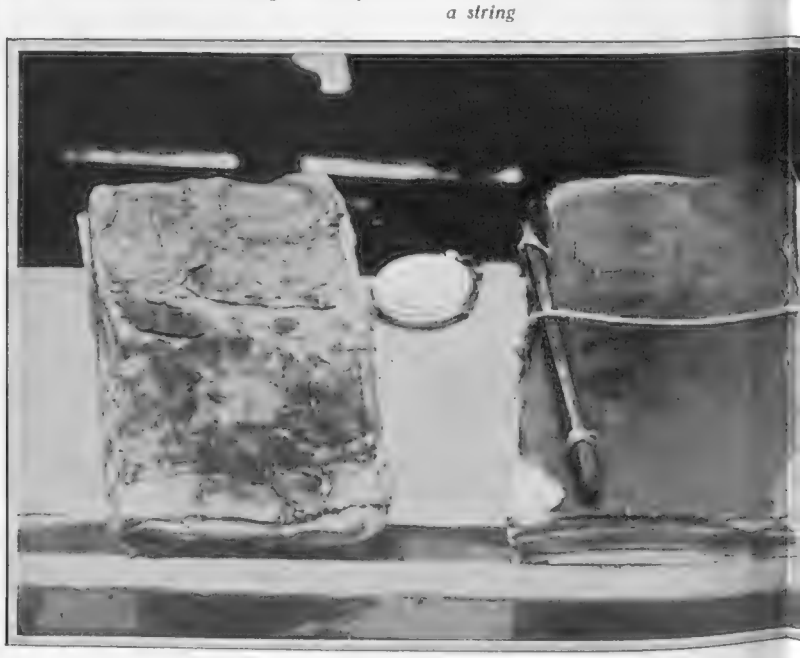
*BREAKING CAMP: A scene during Andrée's journey on foot and by boat to White Island. The leader and Frankel are seen at work in this picture which was taken by Strindberg, the third of the party*



*VOICES FROM THE PAST: A towel marked "Andrée's Polar Expedition, 1896" (it did not, in fact, leave until 1897 owing to various delays), and a letter addressed to Nils Strindberg—two relics of the Expedition discovered on White Island after thirty-three years*

*OPERATED BY MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION: A picture taken matically of the expedition and its sledge. In the foreground is Andrée himself the centre is Strindberg. Frankel is on the left. The camera shutter was wor a string*

*IN THE LAST CAMP: A quantity of articles, including coins and a chronometer, found on the site on White Island*



*FOUND WITH THEIR OWNER: The pencil, pedometer, and pocket-book of Andrée and the navigation book found in his boat*

Yet a third sensation has come to the world in connection with the Andrée story. First there was the departure and the hideous silence; secondly the discovery this summer of the bodies after thirty-three years; and now the successful developing of some of the films taken in 1897 by the intrepid Swedish explorers. The latest investigations attribute one of two causes to the tragic deaths of the trio of aerial pioneers: (a) the carbon monoxide emitted by paraffin

*AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS: A picture obtained by Professor Hertzberg from a film exposed in 1897 by a member of the ill-fated Andrée Expedition. On the first examination there seemed little hope that the films would yield in any way to treatment owing to the time they had stayed exposed to wind and weather on the island of Kvito, but three of the pictures on this double page show that the care and patience of the Professor, no less than the fine materials of the film, have combined to give an actual picture of the balloon after its descent on the ice on July 14, 1897*

*ken auto-lf and in worked by*

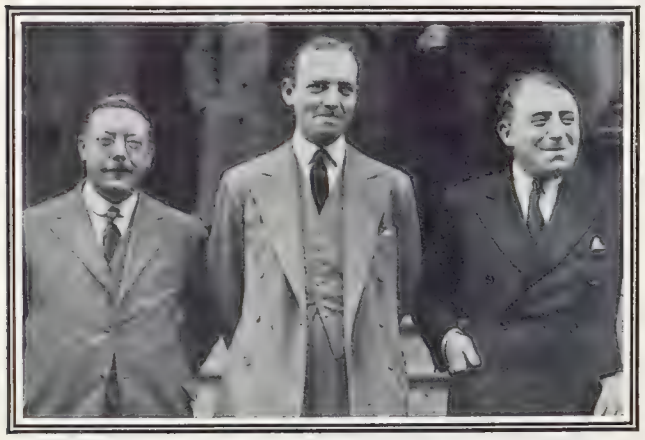
*found on*

*WHERE FRANKEL'S BODY WAS FOUND: A picture taken by the Isbjon Expedition headed by Dr. Stubbendorff of the site of the pioneer's grave. In the foreground is a pair of boots worn by a member of Andrée's expedition*

stoves; (b) a sudden cold snap or storm which the explorers could not endure. Certain it is that neither starvation nor privation caused their deaths. The Nobile fiasco of last year is recalled, for the crew of that great vessel was swept away by the same prevailing ice-drift as that in which Andrée and his friends were engulfed. It is possible, in the light of extracts from the diaries and notebooks, however, that, with luck, the explorers might well have returned safely.

# MEN *of the* MOMENT

## Irish Legal Degrees, Actual and Honorary: The Orr-Ewing Funeral: Whitechapel Candidates: The Scottish Selection Committee



CANDIDATES FOR WHITECHAPEL: Mr. James Hall (Lab.), Mr. T. L. Guinness (C.), and Mr. B. Janner (Lib.) on the steps of the town hall after nomination. The question of Palestine has figured prominently in election speeches

CHANCELLOR DE VALERA: The firebrand qualities of the revolutionary leader are now subdued into scholastic calm. As Chancellor of the University he conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Mr. F. H. Scullin, Prime Minister of Australia, and on the Rev. Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, between whom he stands above. To the right is Dr. F. H. Wiber and behind are Professor Tierney and Mr. Corcoran

*Left to right*—Messrs. W. M. Glass (president), A. H. Hislop, F.C. Mears, F.R.I.B.A., J. Henderson Tarbet, Maclauchlan Milne, Miss Mabel Dawson, R.S.W. and Mr. James Wright, R.S.W. *Sitting left to right*—Messrs. A. Mason Trotter, R.S.W., A. C. Dodds, W. MacTaggart, A. B. Thomson, Miss Anna Dixon, R.S.W., Mr. William Macdonald, and Miss A. S. Black, R.S.W.

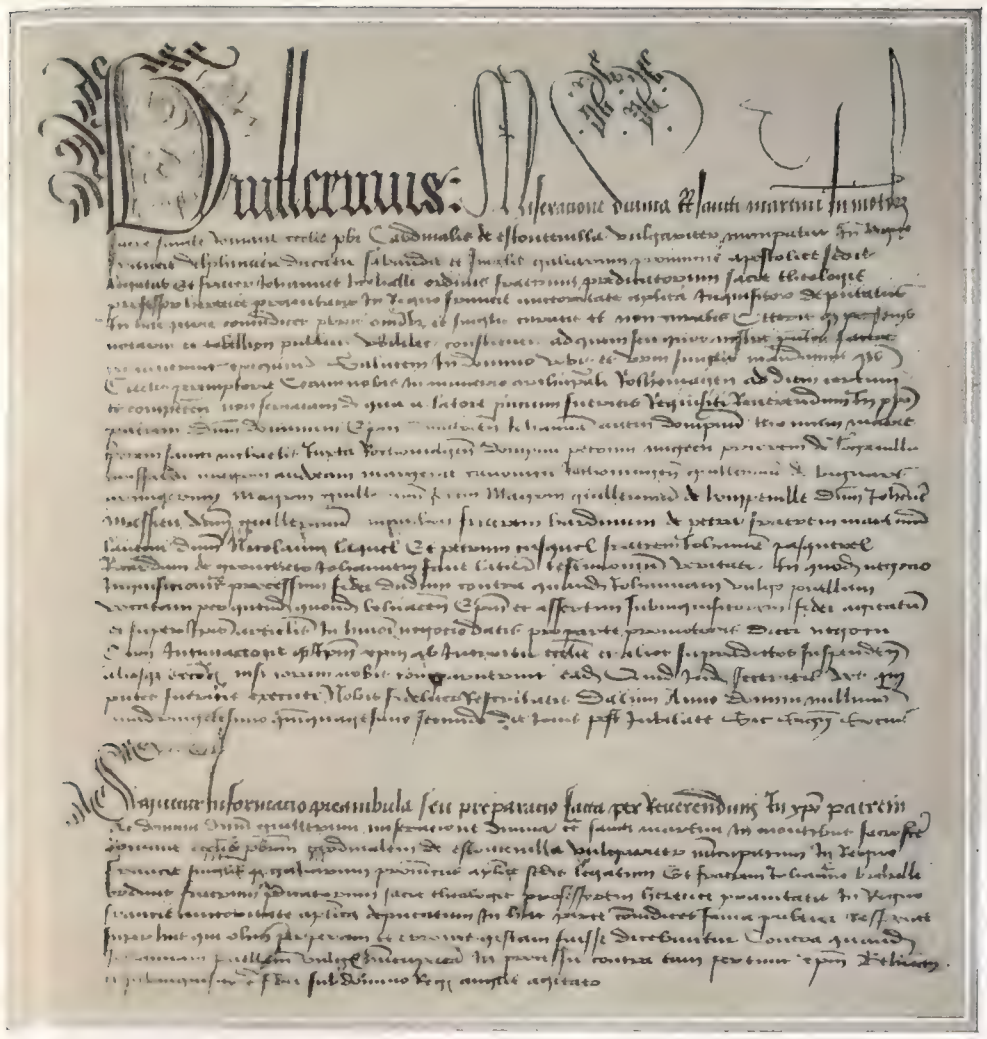
THE SELECTION COMMITTEE of the Scottish Society of Artists judging pictures for the forthcoming exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy

CALLED TO THE BAR IN DUBLIN: Seven of the eleven King's Inns students-barristers—among whom was one woman—Miss A. Caulfield (front row second from right) called by the Chief Justice at the Supreme Courts

THE PASSING OF A RUGBY PLAYER: The funeral of Mr. E. L. Orr-Ewing of the Black Watch, nephew of the Earl of Glasgow, who died after an accident in the hunting field, was buried beside his father in a grave hewn from the rock on the cliff side above Portpatrick, Wigtownshire. The wreath-covered coffin is seen above passing through Dunsky Glen on a farm cart

# DRAMA in MANUSCRIPT

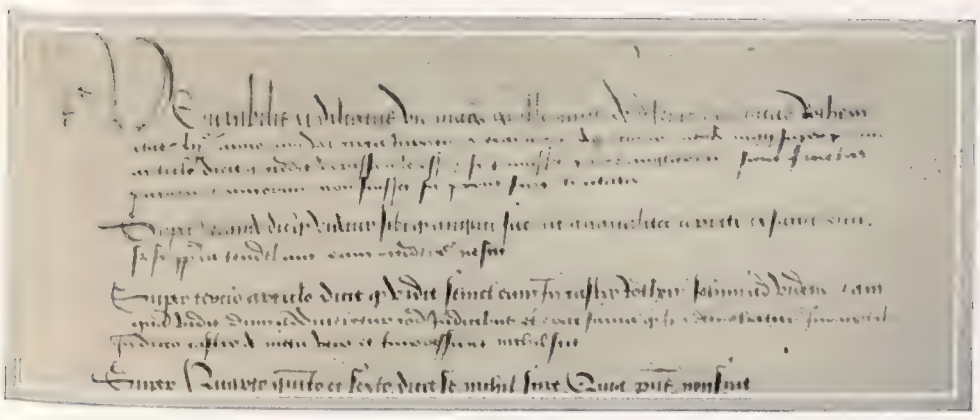
## Pages from the Record of the Inquiry of 1455, whereby Joan of Arc was Posthumously Acquitted



*MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT: One of the pages of the record made by Denys le Comte (Dionysius Comitis) and Francis Ferrebouc of the inquiries which resulted in the posthumous reversal of the heresy charge on which Joan of Arc was condemned to the stake*

*LA PUCELLE: Mlle Simone Genevois, whose portrayal of The Maid on the screen is to cinematographic art what the performance of Sybil Thorndike is to the stage*

*A SIGNED PAGE: Every folio of the British Museum copy of the inquiry is signed by the clerks, Ferrebouc having inscribed the right hand pages and Comitis those on the left. A specimen of the latter is seen above*



*AN ARTISTIC JEST: A fantastic capital letter in the ornate transcription of the inquiry on which the white soldier was acquitted of the charge of heresy at the expense of Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais*

Though the trial and condemnation of Joan of Arc have been dealt with at length by many historians, the inquiries instituted for her rehabilitation in 1455 have generally been mentioned in a somewhat brief and cursory manner.

It was not till 1450 that Charles VII followed the dictates of his conscience and, overcome at last by shame at the way he had abandoned Joan and delivered her to her judges, started a somewhat feeble attempt to establish the irregularity of her condemnation by desiring Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, to draw up a memorandum concerning her trial.

Nothing, however, seems to have come of this first effort, but a little later Pope Nicholas V, well known for his humanitarian activities, charged the Papal Legate, Cardinal d'Estauteville, to institute full inquiries into the matter, but this was frustrated by the English objecting to the Holy See, and only in 1455 did Calixtus III, Nicholas's successor, overcome this difficulty by giving permission to Joan's mother and her two sons to draw up a case; Jean Jouvenal des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims; Guillaume Chartier, Bishop of Paris; and Richard Olivier, Bishop of Coûtances being appointed to direct the trial in conjunction with Jean Brehal, the Inquisitor of France.

The inquiries were held in Domrémy, in Paris, at Orleans, and at Rouen, and evidence was given by all the surviving witnesses of Joan's early days, testifying to her gallantry and her entire innocence of the charges brought against her. The depositions of the witnesses were translated into Latin, and three official copies of the proceedings were made by two clerks, Dionysius Comitis (or Denys le Comte), and Francis Ferrebouc.

Two of these are now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The third copy is in the British Museum in London and consists of 182 pages of vellum measuring 20⅛ by 12¼, and has a fairly modern binding of purple morocco stamped with gold. The writing is clear, even, and legible, and Comitis has signed every left-hand page and Ferrebouc every right-hand page, while on the last page they have made a final and ornamental signature attesting that this is their work and making the inexact declaration that the Manuscript consists of 163 pages. All through the Manuscript there are decorative capital letters and here and there a fine drawing of a figure or a face as if the two young clerks had suddenly grown weary of dry legal facts and added to the ponderous document some whimsical fancy of their own. Unlike the record of the first trial of Joan of Arc, which was drawn up by Thomas de Courcelle and is a masterpiece of clear and lucid composition and procedure, this memorandum of the second trial is confused and difficult to follow. Once or twice the wrong dates have been put in and there are even several mistakes in names as, for instance, when Raoul de Gaucourt is called Jean de Gaucourt and Nicholas Taquel is called Pierre Taquel.

In this second trial all the blame for Joan's wrongful condemnation was cast on Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, and at last in May, 1856, judgment was finally pronounced establishing Joan's complete innocence of the charges brought against her and annulling the sentence under which she had suffered.

The best and most comprehensive description of the Manuscripts relating to the Condemnation and Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc has been published by Jules Etienne Quicherat, the French historian, who was born in 1814 and died in 1882.

ABDULLA
SUPERB CIGARETTES

# ABDULLA IN LOTUS-LAND

## SNOWBALLS

Within our chilly paper walls I crouched beside the brazier's glow,
But now I wear a wadded coat and stamp my clogs across the snow;
My Sisters seek the Market Place where silks are heaped on New Year stalls.
But what is fairer than the flakes I fashion into silver balls?

My Sisters spread umbrellas wide and grumble at the frost and cold,
But I shall fling big snowballs far when I am quite sedate and old;
I'll build a shining house of snow—a slab of ice will form the door,
And there I'll smoke Abdulla's Best until the walls begin to thaw!

F. R. HOLMES.

£200 PRIZE FOR SPECIAL BRIDGE PROBLEM BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER
OPEN TO ABDULLA SMOKERS.
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VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

A SACRED PALANQUIN OF SHINTOISM! The opening ceremony at the Hachiman shrine at Fukagawa, Tokio. The bird form of the palanquin is traditional

# JAPAN TO-DAY

Baseball and Modern Sculpture Show the Road to the West Japan is Travelling

ACTORS AT PLAY: Mr. Sessue Hayakawa and Miss Yaeko Mizutani regard with interest a base-ball game played by their colleagues of the studio at the Fuji Ground, Osaka City

BROADCASTING BASEBALL: Mr. Matsunci, a famous announcer, who broadcasts a running commentary on the game that bids fair to become as popular in Japan as in America

SCULPTURE OF MODERN JAPAN: The divergence from the traditional type of art is marked in this picture of the Imperial Art Institution Exhibition at the Tokio Prefectural Art Gallery, Uyeno Park. *Inset*—THE YOUNGEST OF THE ROYAL HOUSE: Princess Taka No-Miya Kazuko, the youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Japan

THE CAMEL POLICE: A patrol of the gendarmerie of the Sinai Arabs

# *The* COCKPIT *of the* ORIENT

## The now Peaceful Wilderness of Sinai where Dwell to this Day the Relics of the **BALDWIN** Era

By SCUDAMORE JARVIS

Though a desert, Sinai, by reason of its strategical position as the link between Asia and Africa, has and always will be of considerable importance, and as a battlefield has seen more invading and retreating armies passing through than any other country in the world, Belgium not excepted. The cutting of the Suez Canal through its western side some sixty years ago has made it a familiar sight to every traveller to and from the Far East, though the portion of Sinai that is seen from a ship passing through the canal is the least attractive and does not give a fair idea of the peninsula.

Sinai is perhaps best known as the desert in which the Israelites wandered for forty years, and passers-by viewing its sandy waste pity the Israelites and wonder how they existed. The sand dunes seen from the canal, however, only extend for twenty miles and then open out on to a vast open gravel plateau intersected by water-courses and broken by ranges of limestone hills. In Southern Sinai the limestone plateau gives place to a tumbled mass of granite mountains, some of them rising to over 8,000 ft., and here in the wildest part of the peninsula is the traditional site of the Giving of the Law.

At the foot of Mount Moses, in the centre of the apex of the peninsula, is the Greek monastery built by Justinian in the sixth century, and inside the massive walls—for the monastery was built as a fortress—is the Church of St. Helena, built in the year 342 A.D. It is probably one of the oldest occupied buildings in the world, and the monastery library contains many illuminated manuscript copies of the books of the Old Testament of vast antiquity. Inside the walls grows the original burning bush; but the monks themselves, though exceedingly devout, do not ask the visitor to believe that it is actually the bush from which the Almighty spoke to Moses.

Some thirty miles from the monastery is the Wadi Feiran, once the city of Paran which, in the dawn of Christianity, possessed a cathedral and an Archbishop who ranked as senior Archbishop in the Christian world. Paran is supposed to have been the site of the battle between the Israelites and the Amalekites, but it is now a heap of ruins. The stream of water to which it owes its existence still flows through the valley, and a few Arabs maintain some neglected date palms and other fruit trees, but the flourishing city, blotted out by the Arab invasion of the seventh century has, like so many towns in the Near East, ceased to exist. The ruins of the cathedral can still be seen, and, built into the hillsides, the small rock huts used by Christian hermits, so close together that the rocky slope looks like a honeycomb, but beyond a ruined dam to hold back the water nothing else remains.

On the eastern side of Sinai, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah lies the small islet of Faroan on which, constructed of dry stone, is a huge Crusader castle built by Renaud de Chatillon, a Frankish knight who, during thes econd Crusade, became prince of what is now Trans-Jordan. Beyond the fact that the First Crusade resulted in the capture of Jerusalem, it is not generally known that for the best part of a century the Crusaders ruled not only Palestine but Syria, Anatolia, and Trans-Jordan, constructing great feudal castles, and in every respect reproducing in the East the style of life then existing in England, France, and Germany.

Renaud de Chatillon it was who conceived the idea of dealing a blow at the Muhammadan faith by the sacking of Medina and Mecca, and for this purpose transported across the desert by camel from Ascalon to the head of the Gulf of Akabah a fleet of ships in sections which were reconstructed in the gulf and for some months harried the Saracen shipping in the Red Sea. Landings were made at various ports on the Arabian and Egyptian coasts, but the daring expedition, hampered by the terrific heat of those regions and lack of water, eventually broke up into small parties of raiders and were exterminated in detail by the Saracens.

In the extreme north of the Peninsula, near the town of El Arish are the remains of a fortress which was the most easterly outpost of the Kingdom of Jerusalem in Baldwin's days. It was here that King Baldwin himself was killed on his return from an expedition against the Saracens in Egypt. The Arab tradition is that Baldwin, who was credited with magic powers, possessed a cap that made him invisible, which naturally was a considerable asset in a hand-to-hand combat with swords. The night before the battle this was stolen from him by an Arab girl, with the most lamentable results. The story, incidentally, is very similar to the episode at Gaza, fifty miles away, when Samson allowed a girl to rob him of his powers; a prototype in fact of most Oriental stories.

It is said that the outpost west of El Arish was garrisoned by men of Baldwin's own family, and that when the Saracens advanced eastwards they were cut off and embraced the Muhammadan faith. To this day there is a family living at the spot called Bardawil, a corruption of the name Baldwin, and the members of it certainly do not resemble Arabs in any way. It is a regrettable fact that six of them were recently convicted of smuggling, and after they had received their sentences the Egyptian magistrate was asked if he were aware that he had sentenced six cousins of the then Prime Minister of England—and for a moment the startled official thought he had been the means of causing another Anglo-Egyptian incident.

El Arish, which is now the head-quarters of the province, is a picturesque village situated at the mouth of the Wadi El Arish or River of Egypt. Before the conquest of Egypt by the Muhammadans, it was a cathedral city and known as Rhinocolura, and derived its name from the story that Actisanes, an Ethiopian king who conquered Egypt, founded it by making it a place of exile for thieves whose noses were cut off before they were banished. It was the scene of a battle between Napoleon and the Mamelukes during the advance on Acre, and it was here that Sir Sidney Smith signed the treaty with Kléber that was afterwards repudiated by the British Government on Nelson's advice. During the Great War it was occupied by the Turks, who were driven out by General Murray at the end of 1916, but no actual fighting took place in the town.

Fifty miles south of El Arish is Ain Kadis, the Kadish Barnea of the Bible, and it is believed by those who have studied the question that the Israelites did not wander among the mountains of southern Sinai but settled down in the vicinity of the Wadi el Arish, where they tilled the soil until such time as they were strong enough to attempt the capture of Palestine.

The greater part of the northern part of Sinai is capable of bearing corn crops, but owing to the uncertain rainfall the harvest is a success only one year out of three. The Arab is not a particularly energetic farmer, and finds the effort of scratching the surface of the soil with a wooden plough the most he can bring himself to do, so that if the crops fail it is Allah's wish and there is no more to be said. A more virile race could, despite the fact that the country is semi-desert, do much to improve conditions; but the Arab is as God made him, and civilization and more up-to-date methods of cultivation he treats with supercilious scorn. He desires to live as his forefathers lived two thousand years ago, and modern methods of progress do not appeal to him. The first aeroplanes seen by uncivilized races in all parts of the world caused vast excitement and were regarded as indeed proof that the white man was something more than human, but the Sinai Arab hardly troubled to look at them. If the *Frangy* (European) was fool enough to travel by air and risk breaking his neck it was entirely his own affair.

The Arabs of Sinai are mostly offshoots of the big Arabian tribes. They are, of course, the poorer brethren, but they represent the aristocracy of the Arab race, and despite their ragged appearance they have an unconscious pride of bearing which commands respect.

The Peninsula is now an Egyptian province administered by the Frontiers Administration by means of a British Military Governor. The Egyptian Government since the War have devoted considerable attention to general improvement of conditions in the desert provinces, with the result that roads have been constructed in every direction, wells and reservoirs repaired, and agriculture and stock so far as possible greatly improved. With the general betterment of conditions public security has made a marked advance, with the result that Sinai—where one would expect as a matter of course to be abducted by a "sheek" and his tribe—is now probably one of the most peaceable places in the world in which to dwell.

A RELIC OF THE SECOND CRUSADE: The feudal castle built on the islet of Faroan by Renaud de Chatillon, Prince of Trans-Jordan

# MAINLY FEMININE

## Beautiful Pictures of Beautiful People

*VISITING THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: Count and Countess Folke Bernadotte of Sweden who will shortly pay their first visit to England. The Count is a nephew of the King of Sweden and the Countess is American*

*"WAITING": A remarkable photographic study of disappointment by Yva, the notable German camera artist. The original title was "Er Kommt Nicht" (He comes not). The composition and the treatment of light and shade are extraordinarily clever*

*THE QUEENSBERRY HEIR: The Viscount Drumlanrig with his sister, Lady Jane Douglas. The baby is the youngest of his rank in the United Kingdom*

*ON ARCTIC HOLIDAY! Mlle Knudsen, a popular Society girl of Paris, who has made elaborate preparations for visiting Spitzbergen. She is wearing a grey flecked tweed coat*

Peter North

*A "CAMERHAPSODY": The Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn, one of the sitters to Captain North, who exposes his plate while the subject listens to a favourite passage of music*

# The PARENTAL Devotion of the HORNBILL

## And Other Grotesque Birds of the Wild

**The Effect of Age:** *A young and an old hornbill. With age the casque on the bill develops, and the interior edge of the beak itself becomes serrated*

**Grotesques of the Trees:** *A couple of hornbills which rival even the Toucan in their stupendous development of beak*

S. Crook

**Preparing to Fly:** *The Tawny Owl which is reminiscent rather of a South Sea idol than an ordinary ornithological specimen*

S. Crook

**Enraged:** *A pair of long-eared Owls in furious anger*

GOLAGHAT, ASSAM, Nov. 1930

It is probable that no other birds, and few animals, show such remarkable devotion in rearing their offspring as has been observed among Indian hornbills, particularly in the case of a small pied hornbill in Assam. After the eggs have been laid in a hole in some large tree, the female actually imprisons herself by plastering up the entrance with her droppings, leaving ony a small slit through which the male is able continually to feed her. Thus she remains closely but willingly confined until after the eggs have been hatched, when she emerges fat and dirty to attend to the feeding of her hungry and clamorous young.

Although in their wild state they are somewhat shy and retiring, hornbills make extraordinarily tame pets; and young ones brought from the nest will remain in the vicinity of the bungalow long after reaching maturity. It was with the object of obtaining one of these birds that I sent for two Mikir hill-men and stated my requirements. A few days later they returned with not only one fully-grown young bird but also with its mother. Upon my expressing my surprise, they explained that the big bird had been carefully watched, and being so devoted to her young had eventually fallen a prey to their skilfully-laid net.

When the two birds, mother and young, arrived at the bungalow, a distance of some twenty-five miles from the jungle where they were found, the young one was comfortably housed in a large outdoor cage; while the parent bird, which was in a state of great trepidation, immediately succeeded in making her escape.

She did not, however, desert her offspring. For the space of six weeks she continually remained in the neighbourhood, and was often observed to be returning to feed the young bird in its cage, which was not more than ten yards from the verandah. She would settle on some large distant tree with a morsel in her beak and from there would gradually approach the cage, ever on the *qui vive* and would eventually settle in the cage itself, the door of which was always left open. Her attentions, incidentally, were not really necessary as the young bird was easily and regularly fed by hand, but they continued for a month and a half, during which time interesting photographs were secured. The parent bird ultimately disappeared; while the young one, now able to fly, remained at liberty about the bungalow compound, always entering the bungalow for food or for shelter at nights.

The mother bird was not seen again. Doubtless she instinctively knew that her offspring, at last able to feed itself and fly, was no longer dependent on her dutiful attentions. And who will say that her maternal obligations had not been discharged in full.

**E.P.G.**

MAINTAINING THE LOCH AT A CONSTANT LEVEL: *Ericht Dam which is 1,360 ft. long and 57 ft. high. It took two years to build and is an integral part of the scheme whereby England and Scotland are being electrically linked up under the grid scheme*

BACKED BY THE PERTHSHIRE HILLS: *The Power House of the new scheme. The water runs away to Loch Rannoch, also seen above. This stretch of water is nine miles long. In the Power House are two turbines of 20,000 h.p. each and two alternating generators of 11,000 volts each*

# ELECTRIFYING SCOTLAND

## *The First Hydro-electric Station in the New Grid Scheme*

THE POWER HOUSE: *The centre of the first hydro-electric station in Scotland, erected at Loch Rannoch. The current will be fed into the grid and will be transmitted to various Scottish districts*

TESTED TO STAND 380,000 VOLTS: *An oil-filled terminal of a transformer showing the oil-level in the glass globe at the top. There are also transformers in the scheme which step the current up from 11,000 volts (the voltage of the generators) to 132,000 volts*

# SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

## BY HENRY SHEREK

*A NEW LEADING LADY: Miss Margaretta Scott, whose emotional acting in "A Murder has been Arranged," at the St. James's Theatre, has won high praise*

A settled policy in a theatre is an excellent thing. When the policy is further aided by a succession of successful plays it becomes a most excellent thing. The management in occupation of the Aldwych Theatre have been incomparably clever, or, perhaps, fortunate, in being able to present successes, each as good as, if not better than, its predecessor, for nine long years.

If their latest farce, *Marry the Girl*, by two new authors, George Arthurs and Arthur Miller, is not quite up to the usual standard, I think it is churlish for the public to grumble. The new authors have perhaps a right to complain about the very high standard which Mr. Ben Travers—a sort of Aldwych poet laureate—had set at that theatre.

Not that the new farce is not a funny play. The audience laughed loud and long at every conceivable excuse, especially when that great combination, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, were on the stage together. As soon as they were separated the fun slackened visibly; when they were entirely absent from the stage the humour almost perished altogether.

The plot is the usual stuff of which farces are made. Ralph Lynn becomes engaged to an engaging young thing before having got rid of various other girl friends he appears to have collected at odd places, particularly at the perfumery counter of a well-known Parisian emporium in Regent Street.

Unfortunately his latest acquisition, whilst particularly pretty and sweet (Winifred Shotter—need I say more?) has an irate and rotund mother (Mary Brough) with a nice sense of the proprieties, and an even more rotund brother (Denis O'Neil, whom I remember as a singer of soft Irish lullabies on the music-halls).

Hardly has poor Ralph Lynn become engaged when in march the rotund family in battle-order with various questions which boil down to the all-important one as to his intentions. He turns to his barrister friend, Tom Walls, with the bright and not altogether original idea that he should take the shop-girl off his hands. He at first refuses, but on seeing a photograph is only too eager to agree.

Things do not, of course, pan out as arranged, and a breach of promise action is started, and Tom Walls is briefed by the plaintiff.

All this takes two whole acts, which are very thin. The last act is the trial of the action, and almost, but not quite, makes up for their dullness.

The trial scene is like a drawing in *Punch*, and the anticipation of seeing Ralph Lynn in the witness-box being cross-examined by his friend made me almost miss the fine satire of J. Robertson Hare's excellent study of a judge who imagines he has a sense of humour.

At length, however, Ralph Lynn, after some very amusing "business" with hat, stick, and gloves, at which he excels, is left unprotected at the mercy of his friend's searching questions. If the law action had really taken place, newspaper reports would have contained the words "laughter in court" after nearly every line, especially from a fat lady member of the jury with an infectious giggle.

Unfortunately, when the fun was at its height, and we really felt like forgiving the authors the play suddenly finished by Ralph Lynn saying he wanted to marry the shop-girl after all.

The end came so suddenly that the curtain had gone up and down several times, and Tom Walls had nearly finished his usual clever speech before the audience realized that the play was over.

It was like wading through an uninteresting dinner with the anticipation of a sweet of which one is inordinately fond keeping one's interest alive in the meal—then when one has just started on the long-expected delicacy, having it snatched from under one's nose and the port well circulated before one grasps what has happened.

The Irish Players are obstinately continuing their season at the Criterion Theatre with a policy of revivals.

Their latest is George A. Birmingham's excellent play *General John Regan*, which ran for a long time over fifteen years ago with Sir (or rather Mr. as he was then) Charles Hawtrey in the leading part.

It shows the Irish in quite flattering colours, as when a visiting American, thinking that the inhabitants of the village of Ballymoy are as dead as the dodo, tells them that a native of their community had become a famous soldier in Bolivia, which is in fact totally untrue, he finds that they not only believe him but make him pay for a statue to this mythical celebrity and the cost of constructing a pier as well.

The whole thing is organized by the local doctor, and the unveiling takes place with great pomp and circumstance, even a representative of the Lord Lieutenant being present.

It is one of the best comedy plays the Irish Players have done, and I enjoyed the usual fine characterizations of these accomplished actors immensely.

Fred O'Donovan as the doctor (Sir Charles Hawtrey's old part) rightly played it entirely differently (to suit his own personality) and was very breezy and convincing, as were Sydney Morgan and J. A. O'Rourke as two suspicious old cronies.

There was little feminine interest, but Joyce Chancellor's picture of an inane serving-wench was very attractive.

It all takes place before the establishment of the Irish Free State. Why, therefore, allow the radiator and bonnet of an obviously 1931 American car (it looked like a Nash) to protrude shyly upon the stage?

I have watched Emlyn Williams's career with great interest for some time.

In *French Leave* he gave a perfect little cameo of a French interpreter (he speaks the language perfectly), and I next noticed him because of his fine portrayal of a sort of apprentice to a gangster in *On the Spot*. Some little time ago he wrote a Welsh play which, as yet, no manager has had the courage to produce, although it is possible to cast it entirely with Welsh actors and actresses all of whom are prominent on the London stage.

At last, via the Repertory Players, one of his works has been produced at the St. James's Theatre. It is called *A Murder has been Arranged*, and I can see no reason for the title, although I understood little of what the play was all about.

The band struck up a lively fox-trot which was interrupted by a young woman rushing in front of the tabs and remarking that she could not stand it any longer and would someone please raise the curtain? What it was she could not stand took up the entire first act to explain, and then the explanation was rather involved.

Although an expert on ghosts, why Sir Charles Jasper wished to hold his fortieth birthday party on the stage of the supposedly empty St. James's Theatre just because it was reported to be haunted I could not fathom.

The fact that he was to inherit a small matter of two million pounds if he were alive at eleven o'clock that night should have induced him to get himself locked up in a nice, safe police-station until that time instead of risking the many dangers with which haunted and empty theatres must be crammed to make a nice, healthy mystery play.

The arrival of an uninvited guest in the shape of a distant relative with an obviously criminal smile, who would profit by his death by inheriting the fortune, should have made him think better of his extraordinary project and should have induced him to transfer the party to the comparative safety of the Berkeley, where he had originally intended giving it.

He goes on with the idea, however, and gets poisoned for his pains, as he deserves, conveniently dying behind a curtain. Never have I seen such a healthy-looking corpse! Every time the curtain was drawn aside to disclose what should have been a gruesome object, the flush of health on his cheeks was more marked. When he eventually decided to walk about as a ghost the rosy flush of his face made him look like a professional cricketer in the middle of a sunny summer.

The play at least gave us a new leading lady in Margaretta Scott, who gave a fine display of emotional acting, whilst J. H. Roberts was his usual polished self as the healthy corpse-cum-ghost.

At the end of the performance the reception was very cordial, but Mr. Williams will have to use his obviously great gifts on a more plausible theme to achieve the long run of which playwrights dream.

An entertainment very much easier to understand is being given at Princes Theatre, where yet another Austin Melford adaptation called *Oh, Daddy!* from a German original is giving W. H. Berry an opportunity of firing off a plentitude of *insouciant* jokes with machine-gun-like rapidity.

In spite of a slow and unamusing first act, Mr. Berry soon had the audience in the hollow of his expressive hands, and I recommend the show as a tonic to anyone wishing to forget the weary sadness of the humdrum life most of us have perforce to lead.

### THE THEATRE ABROAD.

The biggest success in New York at the moment is a comedy called *Once in a Lifetime*, which is a brilliant satire on the way films are made in Hollywood.

The Hollywood Moguls are depicted as doing the most extraordinary things; one director buys 2,000 aeroplanes to get one for himself free. Of course the 2,000 aeroplanes are never used and are thrown away! I understand that however extraordinary these happenings might appear to be, they do actually happen.

Berlin has had another glut of new and interesting plays.

On the Continent the theatre is used much more for propaganda than is customary in England. The most prominent counsel for the defence in Germany has written a play called *Voruntersuchung*, which protest against the system by which suspects are examined without legal aid before they are tried. The German *modus operandi* appears to be similar to the American third-degree method. The play has been put on at the Renaissance Theatre by Doctor Robert Klein, who did *Journey's End* in Berlin, and is a big success.

Another play that has met with great approval is called *Mississippi*, at the People's Theatre in Berlin, which is written by the best-known German dramatist, called Georg Kaiser, who is practically unknown here. It shows the fight of a small sect of people living on the banks of the Mississippi against the Government. They only grow enough food for their own existence, and live a life of passive resistance rather like Mr. Gandhi's disciples in India. The city of New Orleans is threatened by a flood, and the fanatics try to break down the dam which alone stands between the town and destruction. It is very strong drama and may be seen at a London theatre noted for this type of play early next year.

*A FAMOUS COMEDY TEAM: Mr. W. H. Berry and Miss Heather Thatcher, who bid fair to repeat the success they achieved in "A Warm Corner" and in "Oh, Daddy!" at Princes—the same theatre*

# SEEN *on the* SCREEN

## A Sestette of Feminine Beauty

IN A BRITISH GIPSY CLASSIC: Miss Florence McHugh and Mr. Bert Brownhill in "Romany Love"—a picture markedly Borrovian in atmosphere—recently produced, by Patrick K. Heale, at Worton Hall, Isleworth

WINNER OF THE TROPHY: Miss Norma Shearer with the award she earned for her performances in "The Divorcée" and "Their Own Desire"

THE PATHOS OF *GENRE*: Mr. Sam Wood directs Miss Joan Crawford and Miss Marie Prevost in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer vehicle in which these two notable actresses are starred

"THE EXOTIC ORCHID OF THE SCREEN": Miss Mary Nolan, the universal star, who is known by this eminently applicable soubriquet

IN A FRENCH TALKIE: M. Jean Murat and Madame Costes (who was formerly the Princess Watchnadze of Russia (Georgia) and is now the wife of the great aviator who conquered the Atlantic) in a scene from "La Nuit est à Nous."

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

## *Preparing for* CHRISTMAS

*by* ELIZABETH CRAIG

As Christmas is a time when people should be allowed to celebrate in their own way I try to choose my stores so that I can cater for every taste. To give you an example. I always see that there is plenty of China as well as Indian tea, that there is good coffee and that we have a few tins of peas, celery, potato crisps, and one or two tins asparagus and sweet corn in case of any emergency.

Then buy a pound or two of almonds for salting, some bottles of stuffed olives, a tin of cheese biscuits, a box of caviarette wafers on which you can serve caviare, some Orelle caviare, a tin or two of unsweetened as well as sweetened biscuits, and oatcakes for serving with cheese, and don't forget the Stilton cheese.

As far as the other stores are concerned, remember to order chocolates, some glacier mints and some after-dinner mints, and crystallized fruits, stem ginger, dates, boxes of mandarines, and plenty of crackers.

Many hostesses find themselves in a quandary when it comes to choosing good, suitable wines. Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well-known wine merchants, have published a booklet full of interesting information on this subject, which can be obtained free of charge from their office at 153, Regent Street.

No matter the wines you serve throughout the Christmas dinner, you must offer a selection of liqueurs with the coffee. As for brandy, Otard's Three Star is very good, but if you want something superlatively good try Otard's 1865 cognac. I would suggest that you add bottles of the famous Drambuie and also bottles of Glendinning's Cointreau to your cellar. You want to be able to drink people's health when the occasion arises, besides drink in the New Year on the last day of the year. Elsewhere on this page I have given you one or two recipes that may help you when you want to liven up a Yuletide party.

### Here's Fun . . .

***Sidecar Cocktail.***—*Fill shaker half full of cracked ice; then add equal quantity of strained lemon juice, cointreau, and brandy. Shake well and serve.*

***Strand Cocktail.***—*Fill shaker half full with cracked ice, and add a dash each of orange bitters and maraschino, half a wineglass each of dry gin and Italian vermouth. Shake well and serve.*

***Champagne Punch.***—*Place in a gallon punch bowl containing a block of ice two large spoonfuls castor sugar, the strained juice of three oranges and two tangerines, 1 gill maraschino, ½ pint each cold Indian tea and brandy, 1½ bottles soda water, and 3 quarts champagne. Stir well and serve garnished with slices of pineapple and tangerine and one or two Muscat grapes.*

***Egg-Nogg.***—*You need a three-quart punch bowl. Beat yolks of eight eggs in a basin with eight tablespoons castor sugar; then stir in 1 pint old brandy, 3 dashes Jamaica rum, and 2 quarts fresh milk, whisking constantly while adding milk. Whisk sharply for 4 minutes after adding all the ingredients, then pour stiffly frothed whites over egg-nogg, and serve in tumblers on New Year's Eve.*

1 A choice selection of Hedges and Butler's wines includes Club Amontillado sherry at 84s. a doz., rare old Tawny Port, 132s., and Corton 1919 (Burgundy) at 84s.

2 The decorative tea-caddy contains 5 lb. of a special Christmas blend of United Kingdom tea at 2s. 9d. per lb. Boxes of Macfarlane, Lang and Co.'s "Chocolate Table" and "Afternoon Tea" biscuits at 2s. 4d. and 2s. 7d. per lb. respectively are also shown

3 Children of all ages demand plenty of crackers at Christmas. Those chosen above are the famous Tom Smith's Crackers

4 Cointreau must of course be included. This exquisite liqueur costs 16s. 6d. a bottle

5 To include in your Christmas shopping list; A flat pocket tin of Player's Cigarettes at 2s. 6d. for 50; "Cadbury's latest chocolate assortments, including "Princess Elizabeth" Silent Theatre Box" at 2s. 6d. per ½-lb.; and Buchanan's Black and White Whisky at 12s. 6d. a bottle

# YOUR YULETIDE SHOPPING

## To Help You Solve the Difficult Problem of "What Shall I Give? . . ."

1 From Debenham and Freebody's Innovation department comes this silver gilt scent bottle stand, containing blue and amber bottles. Price £3 17s. 6d. Also a silver gilt and enamel nail polisher and polish receptacle with crystal base, £2 2s. 6d.

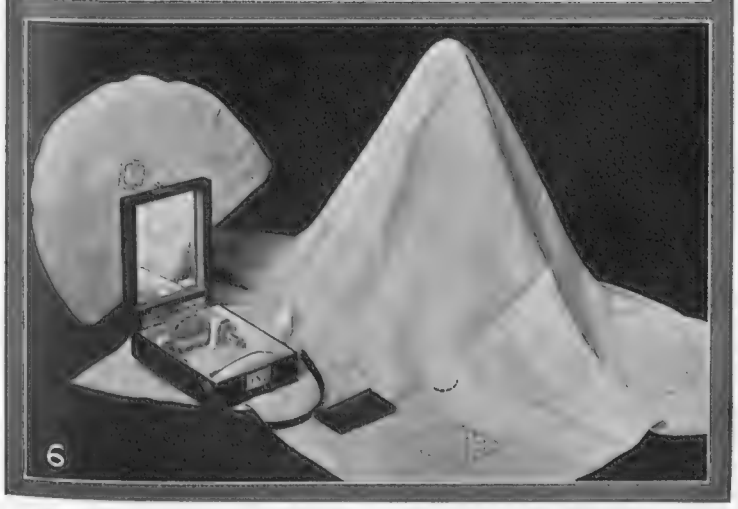
2 Messrs. Boots suggest Christmas wishes should be sent with a five-piece toilet set, sold in various colours at 17s. 6d. the set. Beetham and Sons, Larola is a valuable aid to the toilet. Bottles at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each, powder 2s. 6d. a box, rouge 1s. and 2s. 6d., post free

THE WORLD of WOMEN

3 A James fairy cycle will delight the heart of the small boy or girl — this one costs £4 4s. Whilst the more technically-minded nursery folk will find lots of fun in a Bassett Lowke scale model locomotive. This electric model (6-8 volts) costs £3 15s.

4 A low convenient table giving ample room for books, is carried out in either oak at £3 17s. 6d. or mahogany at £5 7s. 6d. Minty of Oxford

5 Presents for men from Wilson and Gill include an eight-day wrist watch in silver for £6 15s. (gold £10 10s.). A dress watch of untarnishable chromium plate at £3. A novel pyramid cigarette box covered in lizard or crocodile, and a "Classic" table lighter in various finishes from £2 5s.



6 A fine linen tea-cloth and cosy with filet motifs may be seen at Walpole Brothers in delicate shades of green primrose and china blue. The cloth is 42s. and the cosy 16s. 9d. From Finnigan's a useful motor vanity case of fine seal Morocco with enamel fittings costs only £7 15s.

7 Fascinating glass designed by René Lalique may be seen at Bréves of Knightsbridge. Two examples are shown here. From Elkington's comes a silver bridge box at £13 5s. and a chic handbag with novel crystal clasp at £4 2s. 6d.

# COMFORT *and* GOOD CHEER *for* CHRISTMAS, 1930

## Gifts that are as Great a Pleasure to Present as to Receive

1 A tri-cornered cushion from Waring and Gillow, carried out in yellow satin and trimmed with narrow bands of brocade. The doll accompanying is a charming figure arrayed in a dainty silk gown

2 A practical gift which is sure to meet with masculine approval is a case of Johnnie Walker whisky sold in seasonably decorated boxes, containing two, three, six, or twelve bottles. The price is 12s. 6d. a bottle

3 Warmth without weight is the chief asset of this down quilt. Although of full double-bed size it weighs only 16 oz. In shot silk in various attractive shades it is 6½ gns. The bolster cushion filled with pure down is only 29s. 6d., and the oblong cushion in various shades with contrasting design is 52s. 9d. All come from Woolland Bros.

4 Champagne enthusiasts will welcome a present of the famous Charles Heidsieck brand, while a box of Kunzle's delicious chocolates will be an excellent solution to at least one of your Christmas-present problems. Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills' Gold flake cigarettes are sold this season in attractive caskets of red leather at 5s. per 100; in oak cabinets of 100, or plain cedar cabinets of 150 cigarettes, price 6s. 6d. and 9s. 6d. respectively. Those who prefer Three Castles may purchase them in oak cabinets at 8s. per 100, green decorated tins for 6s. 6d., tins containing 50 cigarettes at 3s. 4d.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

5 A delightful cushion night-dress-case costing 79s. 6d. comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's, as does the lamp and ashtray combined which accompanies it in the picture. In the corner is a caddy of Doctors' China tea which will be appreciated warmly by the connoisseur

6 On a cold winter evening what could be more tempting than a good dinner followed by a cup of coffee near a blazing fire? This fireside chair, fitted with a very comfortable loose cushion, costs only £2, and the low mahogany table with ball and claw feet is £4 15s. The Persian rug, which adds the necessary touch of luxury and comfort, is only £4 2s. 6d. All come from Whiteley's

# AUTHENTIC FURS

*This year of grace the fur coat for the evening affair is a disturbingly beautiful thing. Some very wonderful examples (and not a few at prices within the reach of an almost exhausted dress allowance) are to be seen at Revillons', into whose inspired hands the pick of the world's skins—the spoil and barter of a thousand trading-posts—inevitably find their way.*

*Revillon Frères*

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# The RED MENACE to TRADE

(Continued from page 449)

level of backward South Italy; in ten or twenty years their exports and imports may equal those of Canada or the Argentine. Such possibilities are not disturbing—but they are not the question that confronts us. Long before Soviet Russia can have risen to the position of a second-rate nation economically she will constitute a standing economic menace to every democratic nation. For no democratic nation can compete with her economically on her own level of economic servitude.

Soviet Russia is practically a nation of robots. That is the deliberate and expressed aim of the Russian dictators. It is a nation utterly ignorant of any but Soviet "facts" and incapable of any but Soviet "reasoning." It is a nation on war time rations in order-that capital may be piled up for the "Five Year Plan" and for military supplies and propaganda machinery for use against more pacific and more advanced nations—all of them labelled by the Soviets as "militarist," "imperialist," and "enslaved"—and so regarded by the benighted victims of their censorship.

Soviet Russia is to be a nation not of developed individuals, but as they themselves say, of "collective men" all trained alike, not to think for themselves but accept "slogans," to obey orders, and to bow in terror before the dictators—dictators with powers not only of life and death, torture, and Arctic exile, but actually possessed by a "monopoly of legality"—to use one of their own phrases, incredible as it may be—as well as an open monopoly also of public opinion, of jobs, of food, of manufactured goods, of transportation and communication, information, and education.

There is no escape, as I have said, for leaving the country has become a crime—except for those who by leaving serve some purpose of the dictators.

These declared purposes and practices of the Soviets are not merely confessed, they are boasted of. Their intention, they boast, is to "remake man"—that is, to discard man as the various civilizations of the world have made him, and to begin again under the specifications of the almost illiterate group of fanatics of the Kremlin.

How is mankind to deal with this wholly new and anomalous international phenomenon? We are familiar with chattel slavery—the system that reduces human beings to the level of domestic animals owned by individual masters. If any Government had been set up anywhere on that basis, no doubt we should have met the problem and solved it by now. But the problem of a society wherein all are practically slaves of the State, and that State in the hands of a group of fanatics over whom civilization has no power, this problem is so utterly new and fantastic that we have now confronted it for years without settling our own attitude—beyond the point of having no official relations with it.

The policy of non-recognition was and is effective, so far as it goes. But it is not sufficient. Nothing more is needed with the supposition that the Soviet system cannot last. But it may last long enough to present a problem insoluble by such purely negative action—just as it is insoluble by any form of attack on the Soviet.

*THE POLISH POLICE are dressed almost in the manner of mediæval knights. They are equipped with shields, cuirasses, and revolvers owing to the outbreaks of lawlessness in Warsaw*

In some respects the Soviet is growing stronger. Compared to other nations it is steadily falling back. Every year new industrial capital is added to the United States, amounting to ten or twenty times that which is added to Russia under the "Five-Year Plan" of the Soviet. Every year Russia is further behind the other great nations. But internally her organization is being steadily improved, and we are faced by a nation of 150,000,000 economic serfs, a larger and larger proportion of whom are effectively organized on the robot level.

There is no ultimate economic danger that a regime based on a population of robots can compete with nations of free and varied and developing individuals. But neither is there any possibility of fair competition with such a regime. *All compromises or dealings with them necessarily involve more or less acceptance of their perverted practices*—practices by which they have doomed the Russian people to huge losses, fallacies, and errors.

If we become dependent to any considerable degree on the Russian market, it would mean that we should become involved to that degree in the failures of their experiments.

# POLES APART

(Continued from page 453)

had been herded into a shed where twenty of the males were laid across planks and flogged with heavy sticks. Some of them got 200 strokes. When a man fainted he was revived by dashing cold water upon him—and flogged again. Fifty other peasants were coming to this hospital to have their wounds treated. Hundreds of others lay in far villages unable to receive medical attention, as the Ukrainian doctors who tried to get out to them were arrested. This is a matter of fact. *It is also a fact that not one of these people has a single charge against him.* They had merely been "pacified."

"Cossacks!" these wretched peasants called the Polish soldiery.

* * *

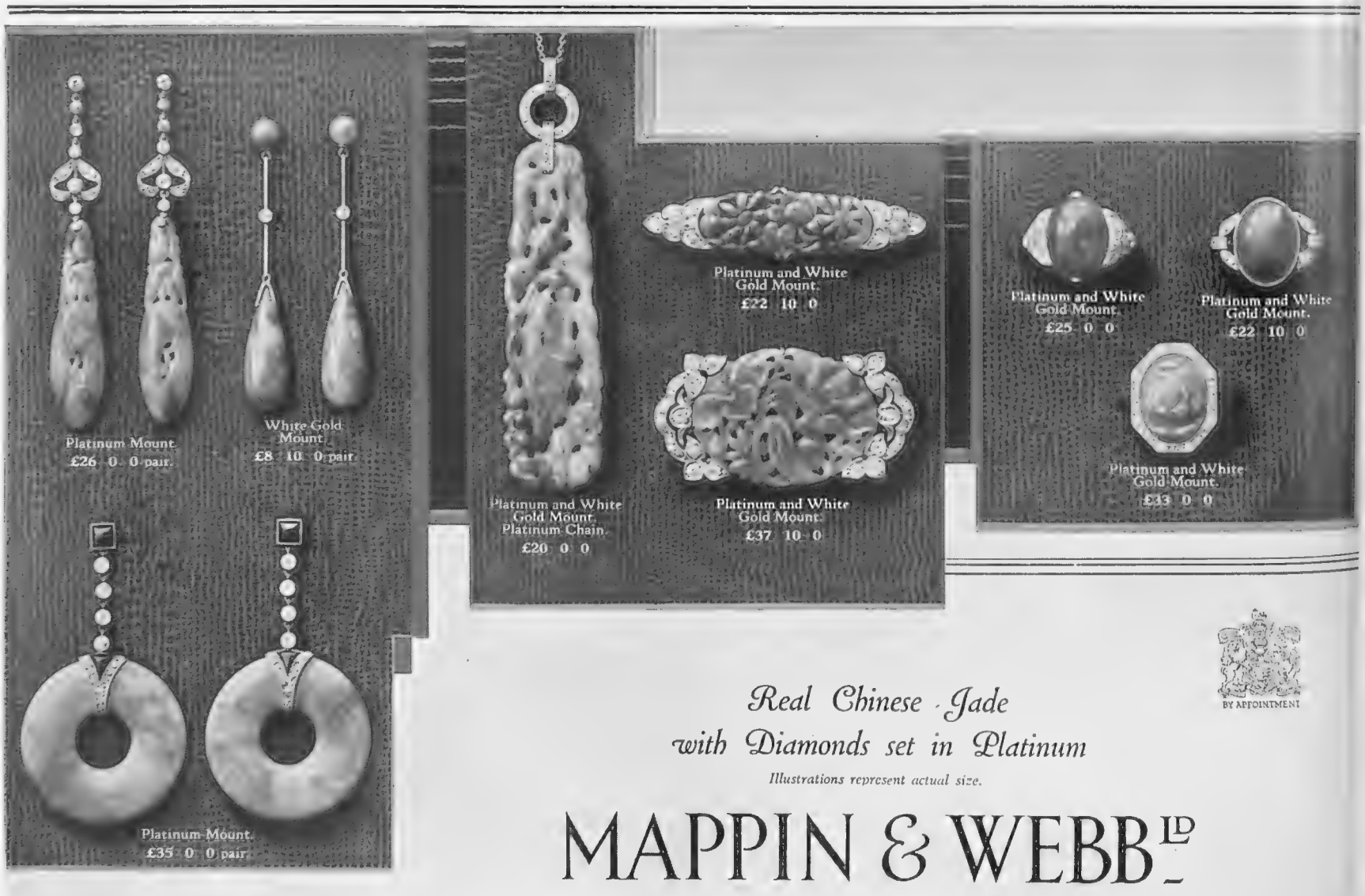
Back in Warsaw I spent a gruesome evening sitting beside the bedside of Dämbeski, Deputy Speaker of the last Sejm, the brilliant Polish statesman, who was chairman of the committee which made the peace of Riga Treaty with Soviet Russia. Pale, shattered, he had been dangerously ill ever since the night of August 31, on which evening four Polish Army officers *in full uniform*, one of them was a major, nearly beat him to death on his own doorstep.

"What will you do about it?"

"What can one do?" asked Dämbeski.

* * *

It was a question I asked myself among the beautiful Polish ladies and officers in the Hôtel Europejski, as I watched the "colonels" eat their fried brains . . .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# "BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"

## TO

# SOUTH AFRICA

The South African Railways, in association with the leading Shipping Lines on the African routes, have organised an attractive programme of sunshine tours to South Africa for the coming Winter.

Sailings from British and Continental ports will be made throughout December, 1930, and January, 1931. The steamer fares, on a liberal concessionary basis for the return voyage of 12,000 miles, are unique in travel values.

A comprehensive series of rail tours in South Africa has been arranged in conjunction with the steamship sailings, and the inclusive costs of the combined sea and land tours range, according to duration, class of accommodation, etc., from £70 to £205.

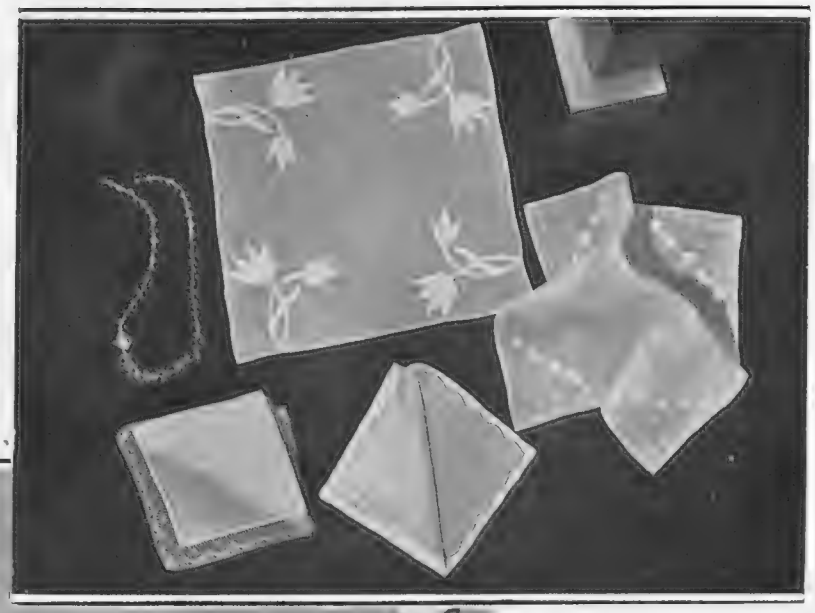
The full descriptive programme "Blue and Gold Tours" will be sent ***post free*** on request. Apply:— The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.

# *"Wishing You* A H*appy* CHRISTMAS . . ."

If at the moment you are depressed with the appalling hopelessness of your task ("only——more shopping days to Christmas," a voice seems to be persistently whispering in your ear), why not begin by relinquishing your search for the really "original" gift and consider the claims of the simple things of life, articles which by their sheer loveliness and practicability, are sure to find a welcome in both male and female hearts.

Linen, after a temporary banishment, has more than come into its own again, and is in high favour both in the home and for personal adornment, so why not consider its claim as the ideal medium for expressing Christmas greetings?

Linen handkerchiefs, for instance. At first perhaps they seem an incredibly dull notion, and they have not the excitement of that fearfully original jewel case which you discovered quite accidentally in a most exclusive shop just off Bond Street—yes, handkerchiefs at Christmas seem almost akin to the proverbial salt-cellars which appear with such appalling regularity at every wedding. Yet surely it would be difficult to find the woman who would not be delighted to receive any one of the delightful lawn handkerchiefs which are illustrated on this page!



A selection of fine linen handkerchiefs which are to be seen at the Grande Maison de Blanc, 133, Bond Street

One design to the left of the picture is effectively bordered with lace and has corded lines; another to the right is embroidered and decorated in the corners with extremely beautiful appliqué work. Flower designs are growing very popular, and a charming example is illustrated here, in which graceful flower designs are appliquéd on fine sheer linen.

A very attractive design in tea-sets is also shown here, the cloth is carried out in pure coloured linen, and can be obtained in various pastel shades, complete with six napkins to match. It is decorated with appliqué work and embroidery in grey and white.

For those who prefer white linen, there are both large and small cloths no less lovely, and many have flower-like designs carried out in coloured linen appliquéd on to the damask. This method gives gentle relief to the pure white cloth, and introduces an interesting touch of colour to one's table. S. C.

Above is an example of the newest applique work from the Grande Maison de Blanc. A tea cloth has a flower design appliqued on pure coloured linen. Other cloths are carried out in linen in various pastel shades and sold complete with six napkins to match

"TRANSAT"
The *Open Sesame*
to
**ALGERIA, TUNISIA, MOROCCO, The SAHARA**

To have visited North Africa without having seen the great oases of the Southern Sahara, is to have not seen the country at all.

Intense sunshine—Cloudless skies, Oceans of golden sand. Flower-decked oases. "Arabian Nights" cities of Central Sahara, Imperial cities of Morocco, Palaces and Fountains, Mosques and Minarets, an unfolding panorama of bewildering sights—more Eastern than the East.

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*Write for booklet "The Magic of Islam."*

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**TRANSATLANTIQUE Ld.**
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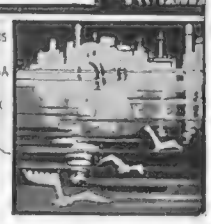

*Honoured Tradition and progressive policy meet at* **55 CONDUIT ST.**

THE finest West-End tailoring is the least costly in the long run. In the first place, you pay far less for a Bernard Weatherill suit than you could possibly get such craftsmanship for elsewhere. In the second, it *is* that very workmanship—the unseen "built-up framework" of the suit—which is the secret of long-lived clothes. To have good clothes is economical in itself. To have Bernard Weatherill tailoring is to be economical to the fullest possible extent.

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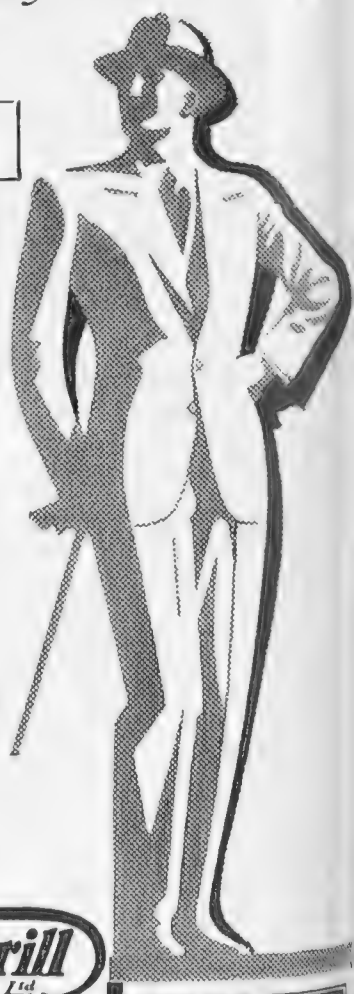

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From infancy to old age, in sickness and in health, ***Bed time is Benger time!*** And why? Because of all light foods, Benger's is the most soothing and highly nutritious.

Since the first medical sage advised the unrestful never to go to bed on an empty stomach, the world has learned the soothing and sleep inducing effect of keeping the digestion lightly exercised.

The Medical Profession especially recommend a cupful of Benger's Food taken in sips. When overtired, this is the greatest of all sleep inducing factors.

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"Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on."

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"Benger's Food has, *by its excellence*, established a reputation of its own. Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable."

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259

# The World is full of "Misfits"

. . . . . To us ordinary folk, it is difficult to suppress a smile when the gorgeously arrayed male, bent on some social occasion of terrific importance, cuts a dashing figure in a blaze of pompous splendour. We all know the corpulent gentleman who clings tenaciously to his dignity when alighting from his "baby" Austin—the sallow cheeked golf enthusiast in gay coloured plus fours and the myriads of others.

We are all critics of each other in the matter of dress yet it is quite possible that our own choice of attire may represent another tragic specimen of the world's "misfits."

## CHOOSE YOUR HAT TO SUIT YOUR TYPE AND BUILD

The most characteristic part of your outdoor appearance is your hat. A well hatted man need fear no criticism in spite of creaseless trousers or ill-fitting suit. The Battersby fitting plan, based upon a series of fractional fittings, with brim and crown variations, to suit both height and build is your assurance of a perfectly suited hat that carries with it that well dressed look, which has always been the distinction of the English gentleman.

Ask your hatter to show you the range of new styles and to assist you in selecting the hat to suit you.

YOU CAN ALWAYS BE WELL HATTED BY THE BATTERSBY FITTING PLAN

# Battersby HATS

*Actual Makers:*

BATTERSBY & CO., LTD.

Write for illustrated literature free on request. Agents throughout the country—names on application.

THE BATTERSBY RANGE. 20/- 25/- 30/-

*Look for this* B *in Your Bonnet.*

*Ask your hatter for a copy of*

## "MISFITS"

This book has a laugh in every line, profusely illustrated with humorous drawings by an artist who is a genius at portraying the funny side of everyday examples of "misfits."
Beneath the rollicking fun of the verse, however, lies a strong psychological truth—that the hat portrays the man.
Read the interesting explanation of how to choose the hat to suit every type of face and build.

A corner in Harrods Man's Shop, where he may browse for five minutes or for an hour, for a tie or for a wardrobe complete

# FOR MEN . . . .

A few years ago man might quite reasonably have complained that he was comparatively a negligible quantity in the shopping world. To-day, whether as compensation for the fact that woman has invaded his masculine universe, or just in response to a continued demand, shopping services for men—sometimes services of quite a pretentious order—have sprung into being.

The latest and most modern newcomer is Harrods Man's Shop where, amid masculine privacy and quiet comfort, man is able to attend to every requirement of his wardrobe.

It is situate on the ground floor, immediately accessible from the street, a feature which should be appreciated in these days of hard work and little leisure for choosing clothes. The policy of the shop is to provide everything from the cheapest that is good, to the best that money can buy at prices never higher (though often lower) than is asked for equal excellence elsewhere.

### CHILPRUFE UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

Prevention is better than cure and ten minutes spent in choosing warm and comfortable underclothing is time well spent. The pure wool fabric of Chilprufe has great elasticity and thus absorbs the moisture of the body without becoming damp. There are three distinct weights of this fabric made, and each one is carried out in white, natural, pink, silver grey, and camel.

Special attention is paid to the cut of the garments, so that a good fit is ensured, and the exceptional qualities of this fabric make it ideal for the athletically-minded man.

### SPECIAL RENOVATIONS SERVICE

There comes a time in the life of even the best underwear when parts that receive constant friction become worn, while the rest of the garment is perfectly sound. The manufacturers of Chilprufe garments undertake to repair them in their factories, where new material is woven in, seams, button-holes, and all other parts are overhauled, and the garment is finally given a special cleansing process which makes the texture like new.

### A WORD ABOUT MATERIALS

The matter of choosing the right material for shirts, collars, or pyjamas—a material which can be washed again and again, and yet keeps its colour and smart appearance—is a question of great masculine importance. Luvisca, an artificial silk material manufactured by Courtaulds, Ltd., more than meets the case. Made in plain colours and numerous attractive-striped designs, at a moderate price, Luvisca is the ideal material for shirts, soft collars, and pyjamas, for the smooth artificial silk surface does not hold the dust of town.

The interior of Harrods Man's Shop. The walls and columns are of marble, the woodwork in walnut and the restrained use of black glass and nickel adds to the effect of rest and simplicity

# Buchanan's

## The best spirit for the Christmas season — for all seasons — for all who appreciate fine quality-

## Scotch Whiskies

**"BLACK & WHITE" AND "LIQUEUR"**

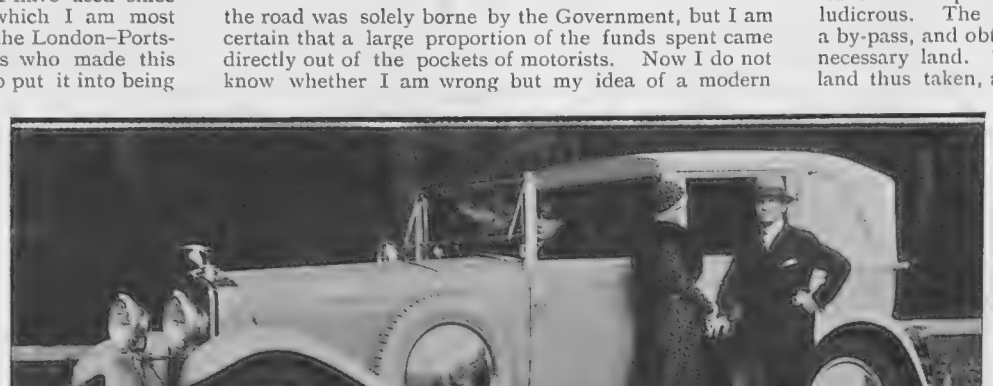
1092

# The Petrol World

## by A. Percy Bradley

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")*

***STUPIDITY "IN EXCELSIS."*** — On many previous occasions I have referred in these notes to the various by-passes which have been constructed throughout the country during the last five or six years, but the subject is so important and the state of affairs is such a scandal that I will make no excuse for coming back to the subject. Most of the by-passes I have used since they were built, but the one with which I am most familiar is the Kingston by-pass on the London–Portsmouth Road. If ever the authorities who made this road possible and the constructors who put it into being require a monument to perpetuate their efforts they have it in the road itself. I doubt if there is a more glaring example of folly anywhere else in the country. Even in its early days the enterprise was stupid; most of the road had been built before the two railway bridges had received sanction for their construction by the interested parties. When the by-pass was in full use from beginning to end stretches soon gave way and the road-menders had to be called in for repairs. To-day the surface is atrocious, and for almost twelve months a journey along the road has been more like an obstacle race than anything else. As soon as the bad portions are repaired other parts give way. Apparently the authorities are undecided as to what should be done because some of the repairs are effected in concrete as was the original surface whilst others are treated with tarred macadam. Those responsible for the construction of the by-pass surely cannot plead that the traffic over the road is greater than was anticipated. I wonder what kind of an outcry would occur if a new bridge or railway embankment were to subside in the same way as has this new highway. The engineers would I am sure be severely reprimanded, and it seems to me therefore that those responsible for the new road should likewise be asked to account for their failure.



**DESTINED FOR THE CONTINENT:** Mr. Zlatko Balokovic, the world-famous violinist with the beautiful new Hispano-Suiza saloon just delivered to him by Pass and Joyce, Ltd. The coachwork of the car is by Henri Binder, and is finished in fawn with red leather upholstery

***THE RIBBON TOWNS.***—I cannot vouch for the fact that the money required for the construction of the road was solely borne by the Government, but I am certain that a large proportion of the funds spent came directly out of the pockets of motorists. Now I do not know whether I am wrong but my idea of a modern by-pass is a road intended for the safe and speedy passage of motor vehicles. If that idea was not at the back of the minds of those who gave the orders for the construction of the Kingston by-pass they made a gross and very costly mistake. When the land on which it was built was acquired they should have spent more money in buying a fairly deep ribbon-like stretch of the land on each side. This was not done, with the result that the owners of the land, finding that they had a made-up road through what was previously undeveloped land, naturally sold the sites to enterprising builders. The result is now evident, for houses, shops, and other buildings are rapidly making their appearance on either side of the highway. The Government of to-day have announced their intention of promoting a Bill whereby they will claim a certain proportion of the unearned increase in the value of the land which is now worth hundreds of pounds per acre. The position is really ludicrous. The Ministry of Transport decides to build a by-pass, and obtains compulsory powers to acquire the necessary land. The owners are actually paid for the land thus taken, and when the work is completed they wake up one fine morning and find that a wide road has been constructed through what was absolutely useless property, and they naturally get busy to dispose of what has suddenly become valuable property. I do not blame them for their business-like instincts, and I think the Government are on the right lines when they desire to get back some of the money which they have been solely instrumental in creating. They must not forget, of course, that even now they receive a large proportion of the increment in the shape of additional income tax and the local authorities receive their share as the increased rates.

My contention, however, is that no matter how much of the unearned increment is taken back into the coffers of the Government and the various councils, it can never make up for the folly of allowing buildings to be placed alongside the new thoroughfare. I should think that within five years the Kingston by-pass and most of the others constructed in the country will be absolutely useless for the purpose for which they were built. New houses, particularly of the type which are built fronting a busy street, are just the kind in which the population will increase, with the result that there will be large numbers of pedestrians scattered all over the road, there will be endless strings of tradesmen's vans, and in order to serve the new resident population bus services along the road will soon ply for custom. Already on the Kingston

*(Continued on following page)*


The Success of the Year

The most completely equipped cars on the road

Hydraulic Jacking System (Smith's). Patent signalling window. Silent third-speed gear box. Reserve petrol supply. Concealed tables. Sliding roof. Window louvres. Four-wheel (Bendix Perrot) brakes. Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers. Automatic thermostatic radiator shutters (Smith's). High pressure engine lubrication. One-shot chassis lubrication. Fog visor and fog light. Spring steering wheel and finger-tip control. Rear stop light and reversing light, and many other features.

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WORKS AT BUSHBURY, WOLVERHAMPTON.
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TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE AND TWO YEARS' FREE INSPECTION

# Seven good reasons for giving a FORD Car this Christmas

1 It will bring equal pleasure to every member of the family—the giver included.

2 It will prove an investment in health and happiness for every member of the family.

3 It will be running just as reliably and delightfully next Christmas as this.

4 Winter and Summer, it will make week-ends and holidays something worth looking forward to.

5 The year round, it will bring sunshine, fresh air and friends very near.

6 It will cost you less than any other equally useful gift.

7 It is very likely, during the first year you own your New Ford, that it will pay you back all that you spent for it.

There are seven other reasons and seven times seven why you should give a New Ford car this Christmas.

Let your nearest Ford dealer into your Christmas secret and get him to deliver the car on Christmas eve.

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*Petrol and oil economy*

*Delightful performance · Comfort and enjoyment*

*Long life*

NEW FORD DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON £225 AT WORKS, MANCHESTER. 14.9 *h.p.* £5 *extra.*

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# THE PETROL WORLD—(continued)

by-pass new cross roads have been constructed so that I am fairly safe in assuming that in five years' time this particular by-pass will be little or no better than the old main road through Kingston. Traffic by that time will have increased, and the need for a through alternative route will be all the greater. The Ministry of Transport will then have to spend more of the motorist's money in constructing another new road, and all I hope is that by that time they will have realized the folly of their past ways, and they will take steps to prevent a repetition of the sad state of affairs which has developed and which will soon become infinitely worse.

***MISPLACED ZEAL.***—Whilst talking of the Kingston by-pass I understand that the police waste much of their time in trapping motorists who are fortunate enough to be able to do 40 m.p.h. along its rotten surface. I would suggest that they would serve the interests of the public much better if they directed their energies towards seeing that pedestrians did not wander all over the road, that cyclists did not ride three abreast and refuse to get into single file when their presence prevents two other vehicles passing, and that they should make some endeavour to regulate the traffic at cross-roads, and where, owing to major repairs, single line of traffic can only use the road.

On this latter point I have on more than one occasion been greatly inconvenienced because some well-intentioned, but highly-inefficient, labourer has been allocated the job of signalling motorists when they may pass. It is most annoying on a dark night to get half way through one of these long obstructions to find one's passage barred by traffic coming in the opposite direction. This has happened to me on more than one occasion, and I have had to reverse under conditions that were not too easy for a distance of some hundreds of yards. The only satisfaction I could get from the watchman who gave me the all-clear signal was that his mate at the other end must have made a mistake.

From these comments I feel certain that readers of THE SPHERE will agree with me that this whole subject of by-passes requires the immediate attention of the Ministry of Transport. Mr. Morrison is nothing if not practical, and I think that once his attention is drawn to this state of affairs he will use his autocratic powers to ameliorate this sad state of affairs.

**A STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE:** The all-British Standard Ensign Six Special saloon fitted with a sliding roof and a four-speed close-ratio "silent third" gear

**THE LATEST AUSTIN BODY DEVELOPMENT:** The new Whitehall saloon body on the shortened Austin Twenty chassis. The unusually complete equipment includes folding occasional tables, adjustable sun visor, and a large built-in trunk

***IN DEFENCE OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE.***—Captain Geoffrey Malins, who, as reported recently, will shortly leave London with two Riley cars, a motor-cycle and a host of British goods on a sales trip to South Africa, was a speaker at a dinner recently held by the Rudge-Whitworth Company in London. He stated that he had appealed for one "he-man" motor cyclist to act as a scout to the expedition. He had received applications from 1,200 including policemen, doctors, journalists, clergymen—and even girls and young women.

"Is there not a lesson here," he said "for the dismal Jimmies of this country, who are for ever trying to stifle the enterprise which so many of our young men and women possess in full measure; who throw cold water on any pastime which does not accord with their namby-pamby notions of recreation and sport? Motor-cycling is numbered among their pet "hates" as a matter of course. Yet I am proud to say that, despite all prejudice and adverse criticism, the motor-cycle remains to-day a veritable Magic Carpet of Youth."

***A POINTER ON POINT-DUTY.***—The difficulties of policemen and R.A.C. guides on point-duty are frequently increased by drivers of motor vehicles pulling up beside them to ask questions. The effect of this is first to impede and delay the passage of other vehicles, and second to distract the man on duty. The R.A.C. suggests that when a motorist desires to ask his way, or seek other information from an officer engaged in controlling traffic, he should pull up at the kerb-side—so leaving the road clear for other traffic—dismount and choose a suitable moment for putting his inquiry.

The real economy of Motoring is found in ——

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"PLUS" FEATURES

Wider, more durable and lighter Coachwork, combining the latest Weymann principles with the well-known Riley features — improved Radiator with stainless steel shell — larger petrol tank carried at rear — improved Tool Locker under bonnet accessible from either side — grouped lubrication—finger-tip control—improved instrumen board concealed lighting — spring steering wheel — easier jacking — instantly accessible accumulators—front seats with adjustment on "Leveroll" principle — better and more comfortable suspension.

*Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass Standard.*

The inherent value in a car is of more importance than first cost. The purchaser who considers the suitability of his car to his needs, the stability of the manufacturer behind it, the cost of upkeep and attention to detail and equipment, must give the NEW Riley "9" his most serious consideration, for therein is represented, in the fullest possible degree, the real economy of motoring. And remember, the Riley is "the car that depreciates least!"

The model illustrated is the MONACO SALOON and its price is £298.

Ask us for Catalogue and copy of "The Riley Record," a magazine issued monthly in the interests of Riley Owners.

We will arrange a demonstration too, should you desire it.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD., COVENTRY.

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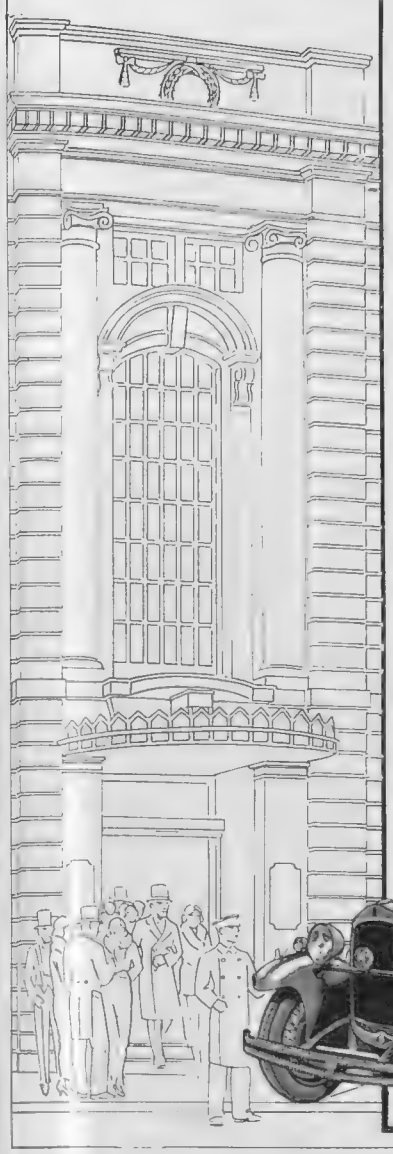
AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR



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THE soft leather upholstery of the Palatine Six is heavily padded. Both front seats are adjustable. Safety is ensured by the fine acceleration, powerful 4-wheel brakes, Triplex glass windscreen, bumpers, and Biflex electrically operated dipping headlamps. 15·7 h.p. 5-seater coachbuilt saloon with 5 wire or steel detachable wheels ... **£259**

Other models: Willys Whippet 5-seater Saloon £188, de luxe £198; 20 h.p. Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloon £375.

*Catalogues from*
WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.,
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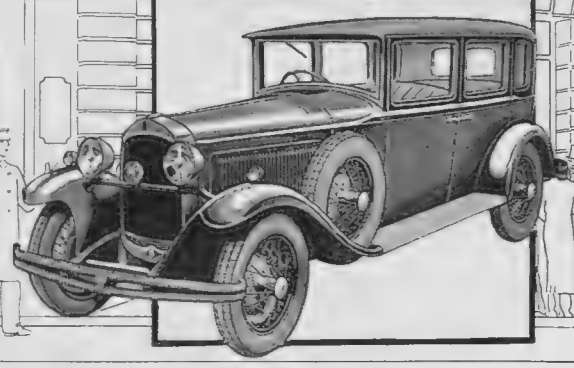
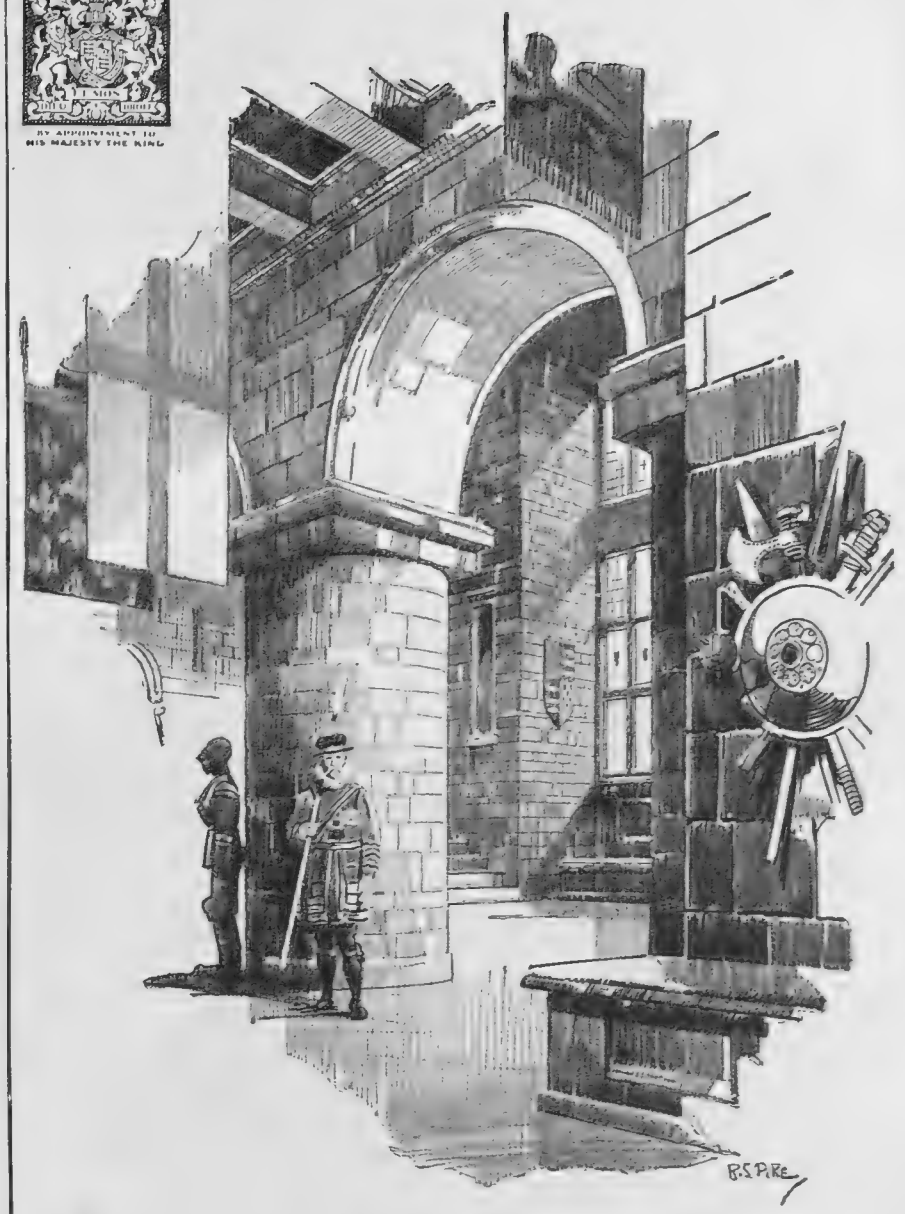
Willys
PALATINE SIX



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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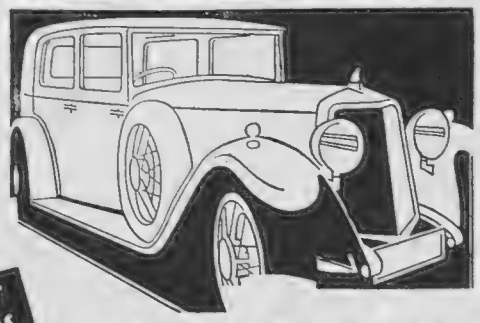

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**Models from £250**

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The ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY "Twelve" has real stamina and trouble-free mileage built into it, that is why it runs such incredible distances even when shamefully neglected. Sliding Roof Saloon £270.
Come and drive this dignified ultra-modern car yourself—delivery same day if required.
See also the Armstrong "Fifteen" and "Twenty."

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MARCH 20th, 1931
**EASTER in the HOLY LAND and MEDITERRANEAN, 29 days**
Calling at Tangier, Palma (Mallorca), Malta, Derna (Cyrenaica), Port Said (for Cairo), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Larnaka (Cyprus), Haifa, Beirut, Rhodes, Sousse (for Kairouan), Algiers.

APRIL 23rd, 1931
25 days to the **MEDITERRANEAN**
Visiting Tangier, Naples (for Vesuvius & Pompeii), Rhodes, Istambul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Tripoli, Malta, Algiers.

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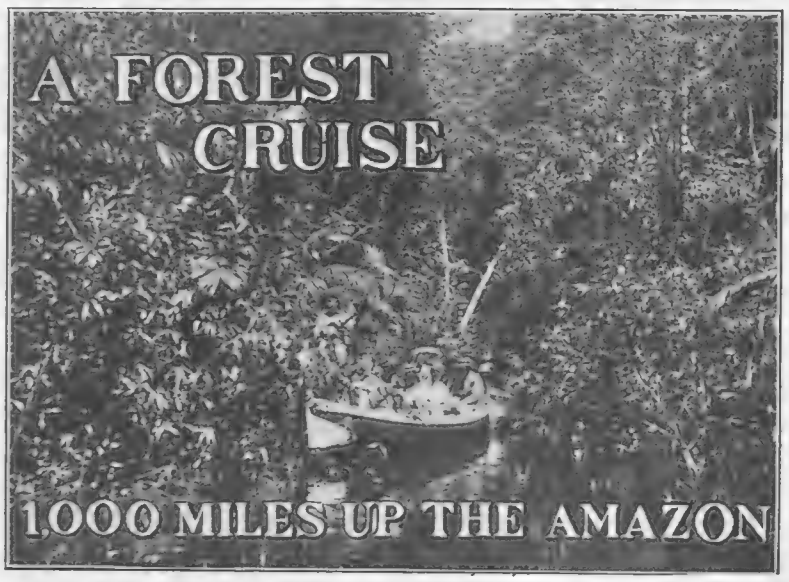


**The HILDEBRAND will sail from LIVERPOOL on the NEW YEAR Cruise JANUARY 10th, 1931.**

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Visiting Picturesque Portugal, Madeira—the Garden Island of the sea—and the mysterious forests of the Great Amazon

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**from £90 to £120**
**Including all the organised Shore Excursions.**

Write for Illustrated Booklet "R" to Amazon Department,

**BOOTH LINE**
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## THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

# *The* CUL SE

**All inquiries regarding journeys at hom Travel, Inveresk H**

You remember that little poem of Théophile Gautier in which he reports the discussion overheard among the swallows as they sat twittering on a garden wall in the shade of the yellowing September trees. One says: "Oh, how delightful it is on the old rampart of Athens. Every year I go there and build my nest among the metopes of the Parthenon." Another has his little nook at Smyrna over a café, where the hadjis bask in the sun on the threshold as they count their amber beads. A third halts on the white terraces of Malta, between

*BY JAMAICAN WATERS: The winter joys of the West Indies are reached by the Canadian Pacific Line*

the blue water and the blue sky, and another one is bound for Cairo, where he will make his winter quarters on the summit of a slender minaret overlooking the brown roofs of the city.

More fortunate than the poet, we are able with the help of shipping companies and touring agencies, to follow the migratory birds in their flight to regions where the summer still lingers long after it has left our shores. One could become eloquent on this subject of the evolution of modern cruising. Gone are the days when any old "tub" was regarded as good enough for the ordinary tourist. To-day the most luxurious of liners, with spacious cabin accommodation, lounges, gymnasium, and swimming-baths, are requisitioned for the benefit of the fortunate traveller. What is more, it is not merely a question of journeying from

*CHAPMAN'S PEAK: An aerial picture of one of Cape Town's glories—served by the Union Castle Line*

port to port with a few hours ashore, when the traveller is left entirely to his own devices as to the best use he can make of his time. To-day halts are made at those places of interest with well-organized excursions ashore to spots of scenic beauty or historic association. If you trouble to work out these cruises you will be amazed at their cheapness, for it comes to about twopence per mile, no more than the fare charged for ordinary railway travelling, while in the case of the ocean trip you have sleeping accommodation and food as well.

As a result of the competitive spirit among the shipping companies to-day one is presented with alluring programmes until one is almost bewildered when it comes to making up one's mind where to go. There are round-the-wo cruises on palatial liners with an elabor programme of excursions ashore. Or, preferred, one can encircle one of t continents which juts southwards i summer sunshine, whilst our dre winter at home gets ever more unattra ive. Or again, one can take a cru where one does not go so far away b chases solar warmth in latitudes not t distant from the Equator—the blu Mediterranean, Madeira, the Canarie the glorious West Indies, and the cora reefed islands of the Atlantic. Goi further afield we have the mighty Amazo the lure of South America, and t charms of the real East—Ceylon, Indi Burma, the Duch East Indies, and Japa There are the lands of the Southe Cross—South Africa, Australia, Ne Zealand, and the Pacific Islands, whe summer reigns in all its full glories.

But one cannot go everywhere, so choice has to be made. Naturally it w be dictated by the state of our pocket, t time at our disposal, and the sights th this or that touring-ground offers. T popular cruises to-day are those whe every few days one puts into port a samples the joys on land, seeing stran faces and having excursions up mountai or to lovely land beauty spots, viewi quaint towns, hearing and enjoying t jargon of foreign voices that assail one ears. This accounts for the popularity the Mediterranean as a cruising ground No sheet of water is encircled with such varied variety of countries, famed for the scenery, historic associations, picturesq peoples and Oriental setting. I ha known seasoned travellers who ha knocked about all over the world to ta an organized trip down the Mediterrane and to have simply revelled in what th have seen.

*Ewing Gallowe*
*THE DYING BUDDHA: A wonde of Ceylon whither the Bibby Li takes its passengers*

You can start the cruise from the shores, or you can go overland a pick up the steamer of y choice at Marseilles or Gen Many do the latter to escape t unhappy physical qualms caus by the dreaded "Bay." S sickness is largely a matter nerves. It can often be check by a very simple and inexpens remedy—a drink of ginger-be Few realize exactly what they missing by avoiding the Ba The weather is not always roug even in the depth of winte The air is invigorating, and th sight of the Atlantic rollers swee ing majestically shorewards pleasantly thrilling. One touch at many delightful spots Portugal — Vigo, Oporto, a Lisbon, Then comes the fa cinating little Spanish port Cadiz and the historic rock Gibraltar which, according to th Spanish school books, is "lent t Great Britain."

Monte Carlo with its world-famed casino, picturesque Naples at the foot of Vesuvius and opposite the ruins of Pompeii, glorious Venice and historic Athens are visited, followed by a cruise up the Bosphorus to Constantinople, and then down the coast where stops are made to see the wonders and sacred shrines of the Holy Land and Egypt, countries now so much to the fore. Here the mind is carried back to Bible days and beyond. With

*THE TAR zonian*

# MODERN RUISING

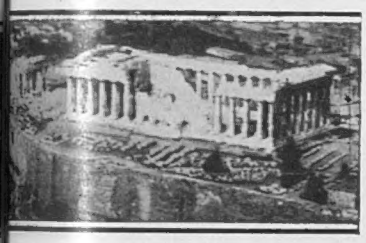
should be addressed to The Sphere of Strand, W.C.

mmendable enterprise many of the tour- companies are arranging that Christ- is shall be spent in Bethlehem and New ear's Eve in Cairo.

Landing at Haifa one journeys to azareth and thence to Tiberias on the a of Galilee, a spot of sacred memories, d then across the plain of Esdraelon to blous, the ancient Shechem, and one the oldest cities in Palestine. Soon rusalem is reached, with its monument, e Dome of the Rock, and that equally scinating Christian shrine, the Church the Holy Sepulchre, not to mention its cient walls around which one can now alk, its monuments of a hoary past, its thsemane and Mount of Olives. Then Christmas morning comes the memor- ble journey of six miles across historic untry to the old-world town of Bethle- em. Here, in the Church of the Nativity, e oldest of all religious edifices, may be itnessed the Latin Christian ceremony, spectacle ever to be remembered.

A train journey across the Sinai esert brings one to Cairo for the New ear's festivities. The Nile Valley, with s ruins dating back to the time of the haraohs is rightly looked upon as one of e wonder spots of the globe. The lead- g shipping lines making special Medi- rranean tours just now include the Blue ar and Royal Mail lines, and for the estern end of the Middle Sea, the Cana- an Pacific, and the fares range from 25 upwards according to the distance avelled. Egypt and the Holy Land are cluded with other Mediterranean sights or as low as 54 guineas.

It is not surprising when one re- embers the great popularity of winter uising, to find the leading shipping ompanies announcing Christmas and ew Year's cruises to Ceylon, India, the est Indies, the Amazon, South America,



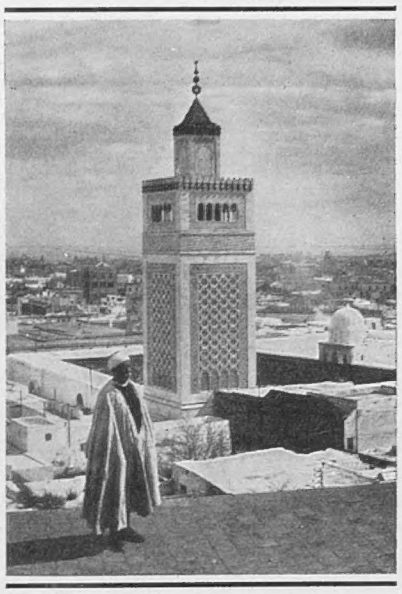
*THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE: An aerial view of the Parthenon, to which the Blue Star Line goes*

nd South Africa. Ceylon has aptly been rmed a "traveller's paradise." Less an a 100 guineas carries you ere and back by the Bibby ne. The climate varies but tle throughout the year, though e ideal months for visiting the land are December, January, nd February.

They tell us that an English- an's education is incomplete ithout a voyage to the Oriental mpire of His Majesty, and this e accomplishes to-day by a nter trip to India, a land which certainly in the limelight at the oment. December and January ill be found to be perfect onths; though, strictly speak- g, India has no winter and ere is not any period when her elds are quite without crops, or hen hills or forests are devoid rich foliage. It is a land that ever fails to grip the imagination, is so full of colour and variety. There are its populous cities, its stately and curious edifices, diverse races with their quaint man- ners and customs. In- dia, in a word, satisfies all tastes; those of the lover of Nature, the naturalist, the sports- man, or the statesman or politician seeking rest and change without idleness.

*LS: An Ama- ached by the*

"I wish it might be possible for all to have the chance of at least one journey to these Isles of the Blest," declared Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, on his return from Jamaica the other winter. To-day the West Indies can be reached quite cheaply, some lines offer- ing 1st class return fares for as low as £70. Of these island gems, set in a tropical sea, Jamaica is perhaps the most favoured. It certainly possesses extraordinary scenic charms, a wealth of tropic fruits and beautiful flowers, combined with a glori- ous climate. I notice the Canadian Pacific are announcing a West Indies cruise to embrace the Bermudas, Baha- mas, Cuba, and Panama, a forty-five days' tour for the sum of £95. Other



*THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET: The Grand Mosque, Tunis, reached by the French Line*

lines covering the West Indies are the Royal Mail and the French Line.

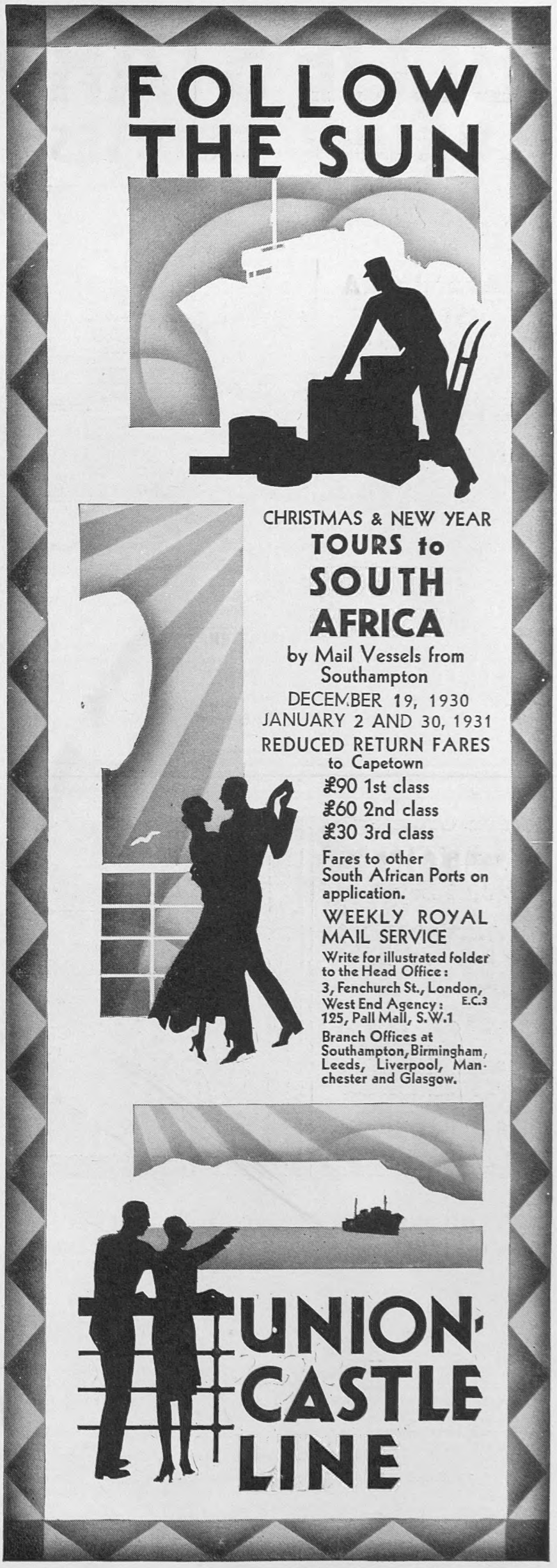
Then there is the lure of the mighty Amazon, that mysterious river in South America. The Booth Line, which has done so much in opening up this water- way, announce a New Year's cruise to this little-known region to leave Liverpool on January 10 next. The fare is from £90, but it may be added that this sum includes all excursions ashore at Oporto, Lisbon, Madeira, Para, and Manaos. One sails for 1,000 miles up the great waterway—a most fascinating journey. In fact, I know of no cruise presenting such a novel feature. So narrow is the stream in parts that the sides of the ship are almost swept by the overhanging branches of the trees. The excursions into the tropical forests are full of wonder, as they present a true picture of Amazonia

*THE ROCK: Gibraltar is a delightful resort as well as a fortress at which the Royal Mail cruises touch*

—its marvellous and weird vegetation, its tropical flowers and shrubs, gorgeous butterflies and moths, birds of rare plumage, not to say glimpses of its reptile and insect life. Not least, there are river settlements and the camps of the semi-civilized Indians on the forest banks.

The return fare to Cape Town and back by the up-to-date steamers of the Union Castle Line is only £60 2nd class and £90 1st class. At this season of the year the climate of South Africa is ideal, and there is some magnificent scenery within easy reach of Cape Town. Then the world-famed Victoria Falls in North- ern Rhodesia can be reached from Cape Town in four days. No longer can this great awe-inspiring land be termed the "Dark Continent."

**H. J. S.**

# NOTES and NEWS

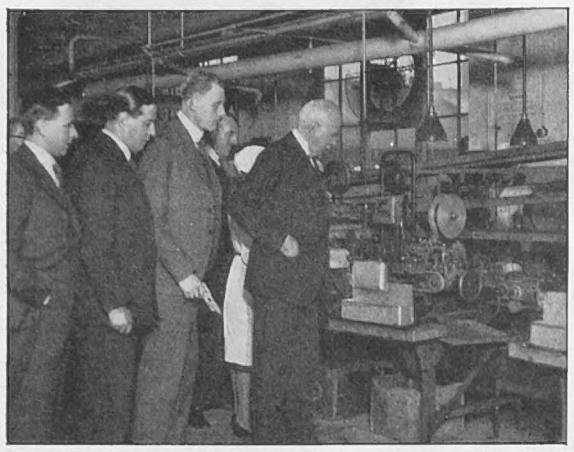
### OF THE FIRST WATER

The magnificent jewels worn at the Empire Pageant Ball on November 26 supplied by Cartier, Limited, are on view for a few days at their premises, 175, New Bond Street, W.1.

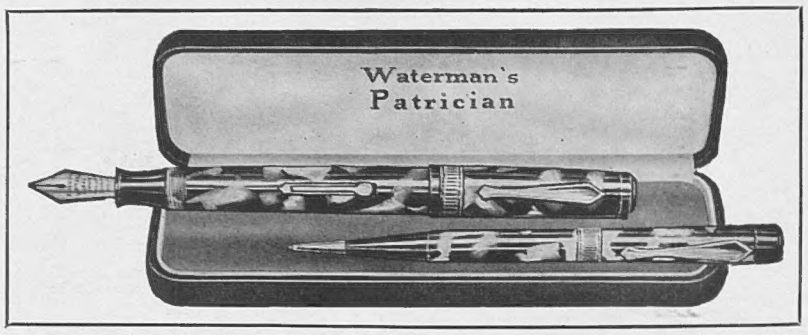
### CRAFTSMANSHIP IN PENS

*A Thought for Christmas*

In this mechanical age when there is a tendency to produce everything on mass-production lines, it is a welcome relief to find that there is such a thing as a hand-crafted pen, Its sponsors are the Waterman Company, famous the world over for the pen bearing their name. The new model is aptly named "The Patrician." Certainly nothing so distinctive in fountain pens has ever been seen before. As one picks up these Patrician creations it would seem that each is lovelier and more colourful than the last. The rich turquoise, the glowing emerald, the choice veining of the onyx, the gleaming jet, the pearly lustre of the nacre—it is difficult to decide which should have preference. Waterman's have indeed excelled their already high standard—but then they have nearly half-a-century's experience to guide them in producing such wonderful pens. We are told that it requires no fewer than 300 processes to produce Waterman's Patrician Pen. There is a new style clip and mounting, the nib is large and flexible, making for smooth and easy writing, the barrel is gracefully shaped, the ink capacity is surprisingly large, a point that will appeal to busy writers. One need not be at a loss to know what type of present to choose for Christmas and New Year gifts. Waterman's Patrician Pen, with pencil to match, in attractively coloured case, will solve many of our gift problems. The pen itself sells at 42s., the pencil at 21s., the set at 63s. Stationers, jewellers, and stores are, we understand, showing the Patrician Pens in a special display tray so that all the colours can be seen at a glance—or one can obtain a copy of *The Pen Book* by writing to Messrs. L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



**THE APPROVAL OF HEALTH: Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, the President of the New Health Society, the General Secretary, and other members at the Oxo Factory, 16, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., where they were conducted on a tour of inspection**




**A SOLUTION OF THE GIFT PROBLEM: Waterman's Patrician pen with pencil to match in a case which retails at 63s.**

### A NOTABLE TRAVEL BOOK

The latest of the famous traveller's handbooks—*Spain and Portugal* (18s. net), published by Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., is nominally a new edition, but is, in fact, an entirely new work, written by Mr. Roy Elston, the editor of the series, after an extensive tour through the peninsula. The book contains 656 pages and thirty-six maps and plans, twenty-two of which have been specially prepared by Messrs. Bartholomew, including a large map of Spain and Portugal in four sections coloured to show the relief of the country and the main roads. Those visiting Iberia cannot afford to travel without this well-written, accurate, and interesting guide.

### "BURKE"

The 89th Edition of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage*, for 1931, which marks its 105th year of publication, will be published at the beginning of December, 1930, by Burke's Peerage, Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C. 2. Price, Ordinary Edition, £5 5s. Special Edition, bound in morocco, £9 9s.

### CHANGING MAYFAIR

Another palatial new building is about to be erected at the corner of Bond Street and Clifford Street—one of the most important sites in the West End. The building, when completed, will house a large extension of Messrs. Finnigans' Show Rooms, surmounted by six light and airy office floors. The Bond Street site—in years gone by—was occupied by two celebrated jewellers, Messrs. Streeter and Messrs. London and Ryder, and in Clifford Street by Stevens Hotel facing the equally well-known Long's Hotel.

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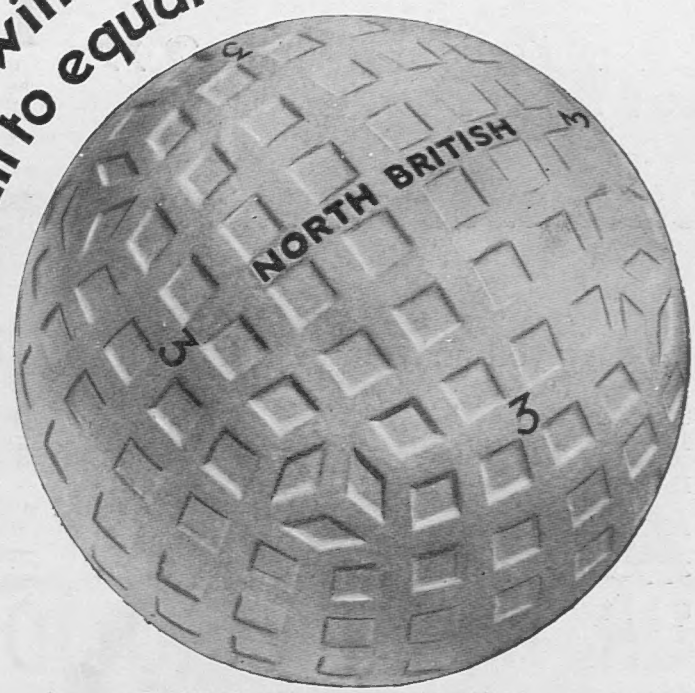


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